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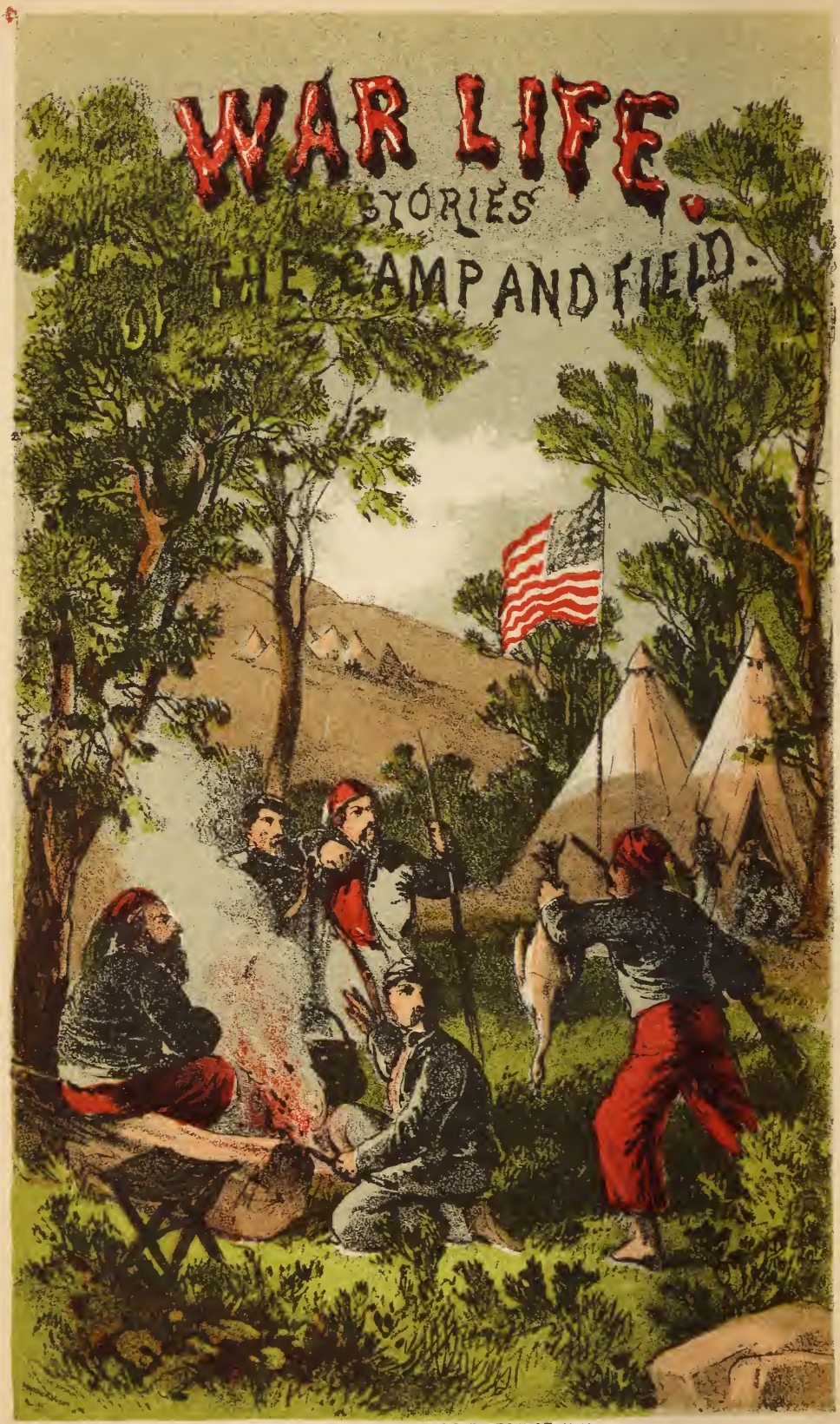

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WAR LIFE:

ILLUSTRATED BY

STORIES OF THE CAMP AND FIELD.

COMPILED BY

TIM TRAMP.

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PREFACE.

The Editor submits this little book to the public, with the desire of furnishing to his readers a vivid idea of the actual life of a soldier in the Camp and Field. And where can more striking illustrations of war-life be found, than in the multitude of stories and anecdotes which are given birth to by the adventuresome career of a soldier? Many of the stories in this book are given as told by the actors themselves, in the scenes depicted; and they have all been selected with a view of presenting a truthful picture of the every-day life of a soldier, with its pains and hardships, its pleasures and relaxations, and also to illustrate the ever varying aspects of home life in time of war. The book it is hoped will prove of double interest to the soldier and his friends, for in it they may possibly recognize many a familiar story of which perchance he may have been himself the hero. The Editor trusts therefore, that his motley scrap-book collection of stories and anecdotes, gathered here and there, from every source at his disposal, and arranged as gathered in a cluster of strong contrasts, grave mingled with gay, will prove of sufficient interest to win the favorable opinion of his readers.

CONTENTS.

STORIES OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

	PAGE
The Spunky Recruit	7
Big Shoes	7
Private Smith and the Captain	7
"Stop that drumming"	8
A Female Recruit	8
"Left, left"	8
The Warlike Editor	9
"Dry up"	9
An Anxious Mother satisfied	9
A Coincidence	9
Carried away	9
Drilling	10
"Poker"	10
Discipline	11
Might kill somebody	11
The Fighting Chaplain	12
Tight Breeches	12
The Trail too fresh	12
Snakes in his Boots	13
Lieut. Bill's Case	13
The Frightened Civilian	14
Nothing but a Soldier	15
The Camp Disease	16
The Bellwether	16
Drawing Rations	16
Chronicles of the K. F. R.	16
Impolite Rebels	18
'Mitout the Countersign	18
The Wonderful Rifle	18
The Inexhaustible Bottle	18
A Big Job of Threshing	18
Poor Boy	19
Drugged Liquor	19
Quilp's Reason	19
Bill of Fare at Cairo	19
A Serious Question	20
A Son of Old Neptune	20
The Grand Killer of the Army	20
An Amusing Scene	21
How to Smuggle in Liquor	21
Obadiah and the Quaker	21
A Desperate Encounter	22
Always a Baptist	22
How Jack Phillips recovered the Mule from Secesh	22
March	28
A Narrow Escape	28
Cumulatin' a Beehive	28
The Blister	31
How to get to Richmond	31
A Hospital Incident	31
Phantom Fingers	32
The Wounded Boy and his Father	32
Losing an old Friend	32
A very Religious Colonel	32
Severe Threat	33
Good Recommendation	33
Rt. Rev. Gen. Bishop Leonidas Polk	34
Old Job and the Illinois Volunteers	34
How like Sinners at Home	34
Father Tom	35
Toby tries his Gun	36
Swearing a Contraband	37
On Picket Guard, or Capturing a Secessionist	38
The Conscientious Chaplain	42
Blinky	42
Taking it coolly	43
A German Sentinel	43
The Devil	44
The Frightened Sentinels	44
The Cautious Sentinel	45
The Dutch Sentinel	45
Two Governors	45
A Good Shot	45
"Chaffing"	46
A "mixed up" Adventure	46
Brandy and Wine	47
An Intelligent Sentry	47
A Good Joke	48
"Jeff. Davis"	48
Rather Fishy	48
The Humors of Picket Duty	49
Sociable Enemies	49
An Amusing Dialogue	50
Cow-bell Dodge	50
A Contrabandist Idea of War	51
"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lads"	51
"Official"	52
An Affecting Incident	52
A Battle Scene	53
Lay close	53
Inscrutable Providence	53
A Strange Meeting	53
A Heroic Action	54
An Incident at Bull Run	54
The Fight for the Standard	54
A dying Soldier's Request	55
The little Drummer Boy	55
I guess I'll have to fight some	55
Quaker Volunteer	56
The Irish Brigade in Missouri	56
An Incident in the Battle of Lexington	57
A Case of mistaken Identity	57
"Close up"	57
A Noble Boy	58
A Hero	58
The "Bully" Dutchmen	59

	PAGE
Always ready	59
A Heroic Act	60
Indians at Pea Ridge	61
The Field at Fort Donelson	62
An Incident after the Surrender of Fort Donelson	63
Anecdote of General Buford	64
The Wildcat Retreat	64
A Heroic Achievement	65
Col. Johnson at the Battle of Shiloh	65
Gen. Nelson on the Field of Shiloh	65
The Dutchman's Test	66
Plumb nigh like Preachin'	66
Incident of the Advance on Norfolk	67
A Touching Incident	67
An excellent House for an Hospital	67
A good Excuse	68
A Southern Opinion of Cairo	68
An Enraged Soldier	68
A "Shelling out"	68
A Strong Temptation	69
A "Contraband"	69
A Hit at Red Tape	70
A bad Blunder	70
Remember the Sabbath	71
A Martial Youth	71
Hard Fare	71
Friend against Friend	71
A long Retreat	71
A Horse Case	71
How to Lose a Wife	72
The *Left* Tenant	72
Wild Beasts	72
Pat and the Secessionist	73
The Home Guard	74
Dodging	74
How to Retreat	74
The Dying Soldier	74
Col. James C. Garfield	78
The new Connecticut Nutmegs	79
Miss vs. Mrs.	79
Singular Cause of Death	79
An Inquisitive old Lady	79
Drummer Boy of Marble Head	80
Strange Fish	83
Incident at the Capture of New Orleans	83
Not Whipped	84
A Regiment of Cousins	84
"We feel Bully"	84

STORIES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO,

AND

SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

	PAGE
A novel Candlestick	85
Fleas	86
Bears and "Dears"	87
Splitting Wood	87
Right Sick	88
Beef	88
Very like a Whale	89
The Valley of Dry Bones	90
A Close Shave	91
The Bloody Liar	91
Resaca de la Palma	92
Shooting Santa Anna	93
Shooting the Apostles	94
A Scene at Monterey	94
An Incident at San Jacinto	95
"Made 'em Squat"	96
Lying around Loose	96
Anecdote of Gen. Harrison	96
"Kill us who dares"	97
The Brave Standard Bearer	97
Shot and Shell	97
A remarkable Incident	98

STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

	PAGE
Anecdotes of General Washington	99
Courtesies of War	100
Peter Francisco	100
Sergeant Jasper	101
The Westchester Spy	103
The Scout and the Indian	104
The Heroic Rifleman	104
A Story about Bees	104
Fighting enough	105
An Intrepid Action	105
A Hero	106
The Stuttering Captain	106
A Battle Incident	106
How to make Five Hundred Dollars	106
The Brave Coward	107
Gen. Lee and the Irishman	107
How to get a Pair of Shoes	107
Mistaken Point of Honor	107
The Sentinel and the Pig	108

MISCELLANEOUS.

	PAGE
Anything in Reason	111
Colonel Skinner of Texas	111
The Chaplain and Soldier	112
A Military Toast	112
An Irish Servant	112
Drummed out of Camp	114
Moore's Melodies	114
"Wooh! wooh! Shtop!"	115
The Duke of Wellington and the *Taylor*	115
Obeying Orders	115
Consolation	117
Storming of the Redoubt	117
A Touching Incident	121
Best Man and Horse	122
A Soldier's Life saved by being shot	123
What Women prize most	123
The Faithful Sentinel	123
Garibaldi and the wounded Boy	127
Courtesies of War	128
No Soldier	128
Trophies of War	129
The Astonished Cat	129
Little Jules	129
The Dog Artillerist	130
The Faithful Dog	131
"Nobody kilt but yourself"	131
Garibaldi's Soldier-Monk	131
Peace and War	132
The Drunken Elephant	132
Hair Cutting	133
Pipe Clay	133
How to find a Horse	134
A March	134
Sensations Experienced in Battle	135
Before a Battle	136
A perfectly Authentic Anecdote	136
Incident on the Mississippi	137
Rubbing it in	137
Conflicting Orders	138
Incident of the War	138
What a 32-pounder can do	138
How to make a Zouave	139
Remember me	139
How to get a Captaincy	139
Singular Coolness under Fire	140
Arms vs. Legs	140
A Day's Routine of Prison Life	140
An Incident of Prison Life	142
"When you is about, we is"	142
Advice "in the Name of the Lord"	143
Giving his own Parole	143
"Imblems"	143
Midnight Scene after the Battle of Shiloh	143
An Unconditional Unionist	144

STORIES OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

THE "SPUNKY" RECRUIT.

A recruit in Buffalo, who lacked half an inch or more of the regulation height, was much mortified that he could not go. At last he asked the recruiting officer what he paid a full private. He was told twelve dollars per month.

"Well," said he, as I ain't tall enough for a full private, if you'll take me, I'll go for eight dollars."

He was accepted and allowed full pay for his spunk.

BIG SHOES.

Great difficulty was experienced in furnishing the Pennsylvania troops with shoes at the commencement of the three months' service. Those that were furnished were generally much too large for the wearers. This fact occasioned much merriment and some inconvenience. A raw recruit in Colonel Owen's regiment was being put through the squad drill, and the following colloquy took place:

Sergeant—"Why don't ye mind the orthers there, Patrick Kelly? There ye've bin standin' like a spalpeen ever since ye come out, and niver a once faced to the right or left? Shure and I'll arrist you. D'ye mind that?"

Private.—"Ye're mistaken, altogether, Sargent. Shure an' ye've bin lookin' at me shoes. *Divil a bit can I turn them around.*"

PRIVATE SMITH AND THE CAPTAIN.

They have a story in Chicago about a drunken Captain who met a private of his company in the same condition. The Captain ordered him to "halt," and, endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and to speak with dignified severity, exclaimed: "Priv'te Smith, I'll give you t'll (hic) four o'clock to gissober in."

"Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you are (hic) a d——d sight drunkerniam, I'll give you till (hic) five o'clock to gissober in."

STOP THAT DRUMMING!

A certain militia Captain commanded the —— company, and on one occasion while drilling this limb of the nation's bulwark in the art of "grim-visaged war," the citizen soldiers having got into an inextricable snarl, it was found necessary to stop the beating of the drum. Instead of the usual phrase "Halt!" our commander bawled out somewhat pettishly, "stop that drumming!" Not understanding this order, the musician continued to perform his "paddediddles" and "flammediddles" with as much vigor as ever. "Stop that drumming!" shouted our hero a second time; but the unconscious drummer, with head erect and foot on the move, still went on. The indignant Captain could bear it no longer. Marching directly up to the musician, he drew his "battle-blade" with a flourish, and plunged it through both heads of the instrument, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, "There, confound you, now rub-a-dub if you can!"

A FEMALE RECRUIT.

A short time ago a young lady from Onondaga County, disguised as a man, offered herself as a recruit for the Ellsworth Regiment. Not reaching the stature requisite,—five feet five,—the recruiting officer refused to accept her; but it was only when she commenced making inquiries for John Somebody, that her sex was discovered. This John, it seems, was her lover, and had enlisted, as she supposed, in the Ellsworth Regiment. It was her purpose to join the same corps in disguise, and her disappointment on failing to find her beloved object was sad to see. She returned to Onondaga.

LEFT, LEFT.

The squads of military that paraded the streets of Indianapolis, at the commencement of the war, were kept to time, in the absence of music, by the officers calling, "Left, left," as that foot should strike the ground. For several weeks after the troops commenced gathering, the word was in constant use both by citizens and soldiers, whenever three or more chanced to be walking together, and the boys kept singing it out constantly. One day, when "left, left," was heard on every side, a wedding party visited the city—dined at one of the hotels, and returned on one of the early evening trains. The party did not all return, though. Just as the train was about to move, the groom got dry, and darted across the street to a saloon. He returned to find the train moving off. He ran, screamed, swore—but it was no use—he was "left." He started in a disconsolate mood to his hotel, to sleep alone and bewail his hard fate.

Every crowd he passed, every squad he met, were singing out "left, left." He looked daggers at them, but still "left, left" greeted him at every turn. He swore he would not sleep a night in any d——d town whose entire population would unite to insult a man for his misfortune; and he hired a hack to take him to the first station toward home, where he might pass the night out of earshot of the everlasting "left."

The keeper of Paradise Garden, near Camp Morton, said, I can't get the hang of "left, left," yet. Five or six men walk up to my counter, and call for "lager" all round, drink it, smack their lips, say it is good, and then one fellow "mit" a stripe on his sleeve says, "left, left," and they march away, and he "don't know who to charge it to."

THE WARLIKE EDITOR.

The editor of the *Berlin (Wis.) News* enlisted recently. His last paper was printed on a half sheet, filled completely with legal advertisements, without a line of reading matter save the following concise and pointed valedictory:

FINIS.—Editor gone to the wars, and the paper gone to ——."

"DRY UP."

As the Volunteers were about leaving Easton for the war, a young man, a member of one of the companies, shed tears when he bid his mother "good by." The old woman encouraged him, saying: "Dry up, Joe, and show your spunk!"

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER SATISFIED.

"Does my son William, that 's in the army, get plenty to eat?" asked a lady of a recruiting officer, the other day.

"He sees plenty," was the laconic reply.

"Bless his heart, then, I know he will have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

A COINCIDENCE.

The *Nashville Banner* says, "that at Camp Trowsdale, in drawing arms, a soldier received the identical musket he bore through the Mexican War, bearing his name, which he inscribed upon it when he was in the service;" and he now uses a weapon against his country which he once carried in her honor.

CARRIED AWAY.

A father in Wisconsin was sent by his wife to procure the release of a minor son, who had enlisted without their consent, but on his way he encountered an artillery company, and was completely carried away with it in two senses, enlisting himself, much to his wife's indignation.

DRILLING.

"One day a raw captain of a rural company, from Ohio, marched his men into the long, narrow mess-booth for the first time. After dinner, feeling desirous to bring them out in military order, and thinking it wrong to have the left in front under any circumstances, he ordered the separated ranks to countermarch where there was not room to execute the movement. The result, of course, was great confusion. The captain raved, swore, and commanded impossible things. Result—still greater confusion. At last the men poured out of the doors pell-mell like a flock of sheep. The disgusted captain, placing his back against a tree, shouted the only command they could obey, thus: '*Anywhere you please, hang you.* MARCH!'

"Another Ohio captain, lately a railroad conductor, was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank, turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again toward his squad, he saw they were in the act of 'butting up' against a fence. In his hurry to halt them, he cried out: '*Down brakes! down brakes!*'

"Still another one wanted yesterday to leave the squad he was drilling for a moment, and brought them to the 'rest' in this style: 'Squad, break ranks! *but if any of you leave your places till I come back, I will have you put in the guard-house!*'"

"POKER."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who recently visited the camp of the federal troops in Kentucky, became much interested in a youth attached to the "Boone Rangers." He is just sixteen years of age, and has one of those mild, pleasant faces, which are so attractive in a youth. He sat quietly, but contentedly with a group of his comrades, his large grey eyes dancing with delight as something novel to his unsophisticated mind transpired.

I pictured him some mother's favorite son, drawn away from the maternal protection by a love of adventure or a spirit of patriotism. I became so much interested in him, that I at last approached him.

"How old are you?" was the question.

"Sixteen years," he blushingly answered.

"Are you not too young to attempt a soldier's life?"

"Too young!" he exclaimed, as his bright eyes flashed. "No, sir, I ain't. I guess I can fight for the Union as well as anybody."

"But you might fall under the fatigues of a march."

"Well, if I do, I guess my brother's along, and he'll take care of me. I ain't afeered. God protects the right."

This last expression confirmed the impression that the quiet youth

was religiously inclined, but at the same moment I discovered a pack of cards in his coat pocket.

"What are you doing with these cards?" I asked.

"Doing with them," answered the mild and unsophisticated youth, "*why, I play poker, and I tell you, stranger, I all'ays hold a h—ll of a hand.*"

I surrendered at discretion.

DISCIPLINE.

The Charlestonians tell a good story at their own expense which well illustrates the want of discipline. A company was keeping guard at the arsenal. The Colonel of the regiment passing by, saw the sentinel inattentive to his duty. He took away his gun, and entered the arsenal. A subordinate officer was concocting a cocktail.

"Where is the captain?" asked the colonel.

"Up stairs."

"Please say to him that I want to see him."

"Well, after I take a drink," said the subaltern. After swallowing his toddy he went up stairs to the captain.

"The colonel is down stairs, and wants to see you, captain," said he.

"Well, if he wants to see me more than I want to see him, just tell him to walk up," said the captain, who was lying on a bed.

The colonel went up stairs, and found the captain taking things easy. "Sir, you ought to be drilling your company," said he. "Your sentinel don't know how to do his duty, and I took his gun away from him."

"Well, I dare say," replied the captain, "he will be much obliged to you, I reckon he was tired of carrying it!"

MIGHT KILL SOMEBODY.

It is said that when the Berks County, and other troops from the interior of the State of Pennsylvania were on their way to Camp Curtin, the officers had a conference over the news of the taking of Fort Sumter and the fact that, after thirty-six hours' cannonading, no life was lost. One honest Dutch officer could not understand how this could be done, but another officer better posted in modern warfare assured him that it was all owing to the astonishing improvements in modern science, which had made the art of war so perfect that forts could be battered down, and cities be bombarded and yet not a single individual be killed. The Dutch son of Mars listened attentively, and in surprise, at such remarkable results. Suddenly his face reddened, and with a blow of his fist upon the table, he exclaimed: "Den, py tam, tey hat

petter not pring town our Tuchmans, for tey are so tam shtupid mit science, dat tey can't fight mitout killing somepody!"

THE FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

A new volunteer regiment was forming, and several preachers applied for the station of Chaplain. The colonel left the choice altogether to the regiment. One candidate preached without the desired success, a colleague having outdone him. To secure his election he said, "Boys, I am not only a preacher, I am a fighting man. *I fought Yankee Sullivan!*" He was elected by acclamation.

HOW TO SURRENDER ARMS.

Recently, as the members of a volunteer company were being practiced in the musket-drill, by a gentleman who, although not a member, was acting as lieutenant for the day, the latter said: "I will teach you the manner of surrendering arms, so, in case you ever have to do it, you will know how to do it gracefully." The captain of the company, standing near, immediately responded: "Hold on, lieutenant; I'll teach them that myself." He seized a musket from a soldier standing near, raised it to his shoulder a moment, as if in the act of firing upon an enemy; then letting it drop from his hand, he imitated the action of a man shot through the heart, staggered heavily forward, and fell upon the piece. He sprang up again in a moment, and cried: "That's the way this company will surrender arms!" A tremendous shout rose from the ranks. "That's the kind we learn—surrender and die at the same time! never mind the grace of it." And the grace of it was discarded.

TIGHT BREECHES.

A captain in a volunteer corps, drilling his company, had occasion to desire one of the gentlemen to step farther out in marching. The order not being attended to, was repeated in a peremptory tone, when the private exclaimed: "I can not, captain: my breeches are made too tight!"

THE TRAIL TOO FRESH.

"Previous to the breaking out of hostilities at Charleston," says a Wisconsin correspondent of *Harper's Monthly*, "we had in our county three companies fully armed and equipped, composed altogether of our German fellow-citizens. Upon receiving the requisition of President Lincoln for volunteer troops, the Governor called upon these companies to join the regiment, whereupon they very promptly and unanimously surrendered their arms and equipments back to the State, as did also

their officers, their commissions. Among them was one Captain Johns, who had figured largely in times of peace as chairman of the Military Committee in the Legislature of the State, and in other ways had for eight or ten years been laboring to establish for himself a military reputation. Soon after resigning his commission, he was met by Colonel Teall, who very coolly inquired of him 'if the track was getting too fresh?' The captain not understanding what was meant, the colonel told him that his military career reminded him of a California hunter, who started out with his gun, in the morning, upon the track of a *grizzly*, and pursued it hard all day. When it became too evident he had nearly overtaken his game, he turned aside into a miner's shanty, very much excited. The miner inquired what was the matter, as he looked so agitated and alarmed. The hunter replied that he had been pursuing a *grizzly* all day; but the *track was getting too fresh*, and he did n't think it safe to follow it any further!"

SNAKES IN HIS BOOTS.

An officer, who had been but a short time in camp, while our army was at Alexandria, was warned one night by his more experienced comrades against the intrusion of rattlesnakes, which they assured him were as "plenty as fleas in fly-time" in that vicinity, and advised him to shake his boots well before putting them on in the morning. He treated the matter lightly, and thought it a useless precaution, as in the first place, he did not believe a snake would take lodgings in his boots, and in the second, he thought, even if one did, a good stamp on some hard substance would settle the matter satisfactorily. The next morning his neighbors were aroused by frightful yells, issuing from the tent of the unbeliever; there were shrieks of "murder," coupled with implorings for the doctor; and his comrades, rushing to his assistance, found him limping about, with one boot on, which he begged, with an agonizing expression, they would immediately cut off. He screamed out there was a snake in it, which had bitten him badly; that the more he had stamped upon it, the deeper it had inserted its fangs, and that he had but a few moments to live. The doctor soon made his appearance, and commenced ripping the boot from the leg, when, to the surprise of every one, out dropped a spur covered with blood! The victim's servant had, the preceding evening, unbuckled both of those appendages, and had thoughtlessly inserted one in each boot for safety.

LIEUT. BILL'S CASE.

The captain of one of the companies was sick, and the 2d lieutenant, Bill C., had the company out on battalion drill. It was the first time he had occupied the position, as commander, and, as might be expected

he *spread himself.* In one of the manœuvres he managed to get his men into considerable of a snarl, and while attempting to straighten them out, or, in his own words, "to form a line that lightning could run down," the order was given to "march to your quarters." Bill was still trying to get his command to "left dress," when Major B. repeated the order, "To your quarters, march." At the same time Capt. M., who was acting as a field officer, rode up and told him to go to his quarters. Somewhat confused by the repetition of the same order, and being determined to "know he was in the right before he went ahead," he exclaimed, "I ain't going till I know which are my men!" Amid the laugh which followed, the major retreated to his tent, and Capt. M. galloped off to the left of the battalion, leaving him master of the field. There has, as yet, been no order for a court-martial in Lieut. Bill's case.

THE FRIGHTENED CIVILIAN.

An official once visited Cairo, to look after the welfare of the troops. He went to one of the batteries up the river. The battery was supported by a company of German infantry, and it so happened that the artillerists were on the point of presenting the German captain with a flag. So they persuaded our civilian to take the flag over to the German camp. When he had proceeded about half way, the captain of the battery quietly ordered one of his lieutenants to fire a gun across the river. The camp was in an instant aroused; the gunners sprang to their posts, the postillions to their horses, and the German company come trotting on the double-quick to the assistance of their comrades. Seeing a man, in citizen's dress, approaching them with the American Flag, the Teutonic captain seized him by the collar, and swung him into the ranks.

"But, Capt'n, Capt'n," cried our hero. "I'm not a soldier; I'm a civilian, I'm a civilian!"

"I don't care a tam what you be!" shouted the captain. "You got the American flag, and by tam you must fight!"

It is said that after the tumult was over, the civilian for some time could not be found, till at length the corner of the flag was seen, partly concealed behind a stump. Here our civilian was found on his knees hugging the flag-staff, with closed eyes and swaying to and fro; he greeted his discoverers with a shout: "Give 'em hell, boys!" Give 'em hell!"

NONE BUT A SOLDIER.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal* says; To illustrate the spirit of the times, allow me to give you an unvarnished conversation I had with a fair maid of the Emerald Isle. She was standing with a

fine, stout-looking young Irishman by the roadside, and as we rode by she exclaimed—"By the powers, and sure I wish ye had been here yesterday." "Why," said I, "if you are anxious for the success of our cause, do you not make your husband take a musket and fight for us?" "Sure, now," cried she, "is it this *thing* I'd be after having for a husband? No, your honor, I'll niver marry at all unless I get a stout soldier boy." We wished her success, and left.

THE CAMP DISEASE.

An Alabamian thus describes the effects of this disease in one of the secession camps:

"There's a new disease broken out here—the 'camp disease,' they call it. The first symptom is a horror of gunpowder. The patient can't abide the smell of it, but is seized with a nervous trembling of the knees, and a whiteness about the liver, and a longing inclination to advance backward. That's the way water serves mad dogs. Then comes what our major calls home fever; and next the sufferer's wife and nine children are taken sick; after which the poor fellow takes a collapse, and then a relapse. But its mighty hard to get a discharge, or even a furlough—awful hard. Fact is, you can't do it without working the thing pretty low down. I tell you what Bob, between you and me, I'm afraid I'm taking the disease myself: I don't like the reports we hear every day from the coast. We hear cannon booming down there by the hour, and they say the Yankees are going to play the very devil with our ducks. I think I can detect a faint smell of powder in the breeze, and feel a strange desire to go into some hole or other. It may may be the climate; I hope so, but don't see how that should make me turn so cold about the haversack every time I see a bayonet. If I only had some good spirits now, to take every morning, I think I could stand it very well. Please send me some immediately on receipt of this. (N. B. Mark the box 'Drugs, care Surgeon 2d Batt., Ala. Vols.') Our major is as sharp as a briar, and down on brandy like a duck on a Junebug."

THE BELL-WETHER.

Among the Tennesseeans now in camp in Kentucky, is a little fellow of about five feet four inches, with grey and grizzled beard, dilapidated nose, and an eye as keen as a fish-hawk's. The manner of his escape was remarkable and highly ingenious. He headed a large squad of his neighbors, and eluded the rebel pickets by wearing a big sheep's bell on his head, and bleating away over the mountains, followed by a herd of men who did likewise. By this stratagem he deceived the rebel scouts, and passed within a few feet of them, through one of the most important mountain passes. Old Macfarlane (for this is the name of the

hero of the bells), thus won the sobriquet of "the bell-wether," by which name he passes all through the camps. He is a rough and good-humored old man, with a full supply of mother wit, and speaks of himself as "under size and over age for a soldier," which he literally is.

DRAWING RATIONS.

Not long ago a farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning, that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it some time; but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he commenced thinking that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly he made a visit to the camp early next morning, and amused himself by going around to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys" which looked marvelously like those that the gude-wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid!" was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does Government furnish potatoes in your rations?"

"Nary potatoe."

"I thought you said you *drew* them?"

"Did! we just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not furnished in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the steaming vegetables.

"Thank you. But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier—*Draw 'em by the tops, mostly!* Sometimes with a hoe, if one is left in the field."

"Hum? yes—I understand—well, see here. If you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger, were given for Farmer ———. The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner took potatoes from the field afterward.

CHRONICLES OF THE K. F. R.

A soldier of company G, of the first Kansas regiment, now in Missouri, has perpetrated the following serious paragraphs, entitling them "The Chronicles of the K. F. R."

1. Man that is born of a woman, and enlisteth as a soldier in the Kansas First, is of few days and short of "rations."

2. He that cometh forth at "reveille," is present also at "retreat," yea, even at "tattoo," and retireth apparently at "taps."

3. He draweth his rations from the commissary and devoureth the same. He striketh his teeth against much "hard bread," and is satisfied. He filleth his canteen with *aqua pura*, and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whisky barrel, and after a little while he goeth away rejoicing in his strategy!

4. Much soldiering hath made him sharp—yea, even the seat of his breeches are in danger of being cut through.

5. He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many chickens, and much honey and milk, to be paid promptly at the end of each *ten* days; and lo! his regiment moveth on the *ninth day* to another post.

6. His tent is filled with potatoes, cabbage, turnips, krout, and other delicate morsels of a delicious taste, which abound not in the Commissary Department.

7. And many other things not in the "return," and which never will return; yet, for a truth, it must be said of the soldier of the Kansas First, that of a surety he taketh nothing which he cannot reach.

8. He fireth his Minie rifle at midnight, and the whole camp is aroused and formed into line; when lo! his mess comes bearing in a nice porker, which he declareth so resembles a secesh, he was compelled to pull trigger.

9. He giveth the Provost Marshal much trouble, often capturing his guard, and possesseth himself of the city.

10. At such times lager and pretzels flow like milk and honey, from his generous hand. He giveth without stint to his comrade—yea! and withholdeth not from his lank expectant Hoosier of the "Indiana Twenty-fourth."

11. The grunt of a pig, or the crowing of a cock, awaketh him from the soundest sleep, and he sauntereth forth, until halted by the guard, when he instantly clappeth his hands upon his bread-basket, and the guard in commiseration, alloweth him to pass to the rear.

12. No sooner hath he passed the sentry's beat than he striketh a "bee-line" for the nearest hen-roost, and, seizing a pair of plump pullets, returneth, soliloquizing to himself, "The noise of a goose saved Rome; how much more the flesh of chicken preserveth the soldier!"

13. He playeth euchre with the parson whether there will be preaching in camp on the Sabbath, and by dexterously "turning a Jack" from the bottom, postponeth the service.

14. And many other marvelous things doeth he; and lo! are they not already recorded in the morning reports of company G?

IMPOLITE REBELS.

The cover of the wagon was pretty well riddled with bullet holes, and we questioned the driver, a good-natured Dutchman, and evidently a wag, as to the cause of them, and were successful in eliciting the following reply: "Why, you zee, de oder day, when I drives along, some of de tam rebels, dey keeps shooting at me, and whiz! one bullet, he goes close behind my ear. So I puts my head out of de wagon, and zays to dem to stop till I gets by, but den de rascals keeps firing de more, and you zee, de wagon, if he had not jolted very much, den dey might 'ave hit me some more!"

MITOUT THE COUNTERSIGN.

A German who had been forced into the rebel service, lately escaped from Fort Pulaski, off Savannah, in a small boat, and made his way to our camp on Tybee Island. As he approached he cried out, "Friend mitout de countersign, don't shoot, I come mit you;" and was so happy to meet his countrymen in the Federal camp, that he wanted to hug them all in turn. He said the Germans and Irish in Pulaski would all escape if they had a chance.

THE WONDERFUL RIFLE.

Peaceable Citizen (examining a rifled musket).—"That is rather a fine weapon, is it not, my friend?"

Brave Volunteer.—"Wonderful! You aim at a man two miles off—you can not even see him—no matter, fire—the ball will find him out!"

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE.

At the encampment of the First Massachusetts Regiment, near the Chain Bridge, a pleasant discovery was made. Noticing a leaky spot on the hill-side, an ingenious Yankee inserted a bottle, with the bottom knocked off, and a copious stream of pure water spouted forth. It is called the "inexhaustible bottle," but, unlike that of the wizard, it gives forth but one kind of beverage—a health-giving and purifying fluid, such as slaked the thirst of the Israelites when Moses smote the rock, and which the Saviour of mankind imbibed when he met the good woman at the well of Samaria.

A BIG JOB OF THRESHING.

In one of the companies of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment was a young man, under age, who enlisted without his father's consent, and contrary to his wishes. The father, a farmer, residing in the north-western part of the State, wrote several letters to his son while the

regiment were in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come—that he had a large amount of threshing to do—that he could not afford to hire help, if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments—and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlisted again afterwards. The young man replied: "*Dear Father,*—I can't go home at present. I should be very glad to help you, but *Uncle Sam has got a d—d sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first.*"

POOR BOY!

Among those fatally wounded by the railroad accident on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, last week, as a portion of the Ohio troops were being transferred to Athens, was a young man named Dunlap, who was taken from the wreck and laid beneath the shade of a tree. His injuries were mostly internal, and he could scarcely speak, as the blood choked his utterance. One of his comrades asked his name, and if he had any word to send home. With difficulty he uttered: "Tell mother not to forget me—that I die for my country." They were his last and dying words. His spirit had risen beyond the gates of day, into the light of the better land.

DRUGGED LIQUOR.

A fellow was arrested one day for selling drugged liquor to the soldiers. The captain sat in judgment on his case, and pronounced a strictly military decision: "Make the d—d scoundrel drink a pint of his own whiskey, at once!" And the unfortunate liquor-seller had to drink it, greatly to his disgust and discomfort. He survived, for a wonder; but, probably, sold no more drugged liquor to the troops.

QUILP'S REASON.

Quilp, when asked why he did n't enlist in the army, being such an able-bodied fellow, replied: "That 's just the reason; being in sound health, I don't require to be *recruited.*

BILL OF FARE AT CAIRO.

The garrison at Cairo—not Cairo in Egypt, but Cairo in Illinois—who are blockading the Lower Mississippi by stopping all down-going boats loaded with provisions and war munitions, have a lively time eating catfish. The Ohio and Mississippi, at Cairo, abound in the biggest kind of this fresh-water species of the genus *squalus.* The bill of fare of the regimental mess of the garrison is thus waggishly set forth: 1st. Catfish. 2d. One large catfish with catfish sauce. 3d. A small cat-

fish stuffed. 4th. Several catfish not stuffed. 5th. Some fried catfish. 6th. Catfish "omelet," mixed. 7th. Scrambled catfish—a great variety—very good. 8th. A large number of very small catfish, *à la Francaise.* 9th. A few catfish. 10th. Some more catfish.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

One of Company B's boys was up before a court-martial, on the charge of running the guards and "cramping" chickens. After one of the witnesses had been examined, the judge-advocate asked him if he had any questions to ask the witness. He straightened up, and said he had one question he would like to ask, if he could have the privilege. He was told to proceed. With a face as grave as a deacon's, he said: "*Witness, can you give me a chew of tobacco?*" The gravity of that court-martial was completely upset.

A SON OF OLD NEPTUNE.

A son of old Neptune enlisted in the Fifth Rhode Island Battery. He was picked out as one of the riders, and not long since his horse unseated him. The commanding officer came up and reprimanded him, and asked him sternly if he did not know how to ride? He unhesitatingly said, "No." "What did you enlist for?" asked the captain. To which the sailor promptly replied: "To shoot secessionists, not to break colts." The reply so amused the officer that he rode off, smiling.

THE GRAND KILLER OF THE ARMY.

A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times* says:

Strolling down Bacon creek, a mile from camp, yesterday evening, I was hailed by a noise which I knew well. Looking over in response, I discovered that old and favorite Cincinnati butcher, Van Wunder. What do you suppose he is doing here? "Is Van in the army?" ask his old friends. Well, he is neither a brigadier general, a quartermaster, nor a commissary. When I asked him his business on Bacon creek, his answer was—

"Killing for the army."

I wanted to know if he had taken out a contract to kill all the rebels, when he set me right by informing me that he was pursuing his old business, and was butchering for the army. That is the kind of "killing" he is doing. In fact, Van has a good thing in hand. He and two other gentlemen have the contract for supplying the whole army in Kentucky with fresh meats, at remunerative prices. Van's division is this line. He has a gang of Cincinnati butchers with him. As they

have to follow the army, they work mostly out of doors, beside the nearest running water.

Their slaughter-house here consists of sundry fallen trees, strewn on the banks of a babbling brook. Van, as hearty and good-humored as ever, was astraddle of a stump, his horse's rein on one arm, and both hands occupied in enumerating the weights. I advised Van to have the scene painted, as it would make a good design for a transparency the next time he ran for sheriff.

"Hist!" said he, putting a finger on his nose; "I'm done with such nonsense. Keep mum on the sheriff question out here."

So mum it is; don't you tell anybody.

AN AMUSING SCENE.

An amusing scene occurred in the camp of a Pennsylvania regiment a few days ago. Our troops were engaged in a brisk skirmish with the rebels at Lewinsville, just above the Chain bridge. Nearly opposite, on this side of the river, Gen. McCall's division was in camp, and the paymaster was counting out the gold due the troops for their services. Word was received of what was going on over the river. The men sprang to their arms, anticipating an order to march. The regiment among whom the money was being distributed turned their backs upon the paymaster and his treasure, as if it were a matter of no account. One man was signing a receipt for his yellow heap then lying on the table: he dropped his pen, and rushed for the camp, leaving pen, paper, and gold to take care of themselves. Another hastily shouted, "Hold on to mine till to-morrow," and darted from the tent. The paymaster was left alone with his gold, with time to contemplate the curious incidents of war.

HOW TO SMUGGLE IN LIQUOR.

The stratagems resorted to by the soldiers to smuggle liquor into their quarters are often amusing. The other day a man started out with his coffee-pot for milk; on his return, an officer suspecting him to have whiskey in his can, wished to examine it, and the man satisfied him by pouring out milk. At night there was a general drunk in that soldier's quarters, ending in a fight. It was at last discovered that the man had put a little milk into the spout of his can, sealing the inside with bread, and filling the can with whiskey. That man is "cute" enough to lead an expedition against Jeff. Thompson.

OBADIAH AND THE QUAKER.

Among our troops on the Potomac are a number of birthright members of the Society of Friends. "Obadiah," said a venerable elder to

his grandson, whom he was visiting, "thee knows it is against discipline to fight."

"Yes, grandfather."

"Is that shooting thing in thy hands, rifled?"

"Of course it is; do you think I would have any other?"

"I'm told that it is the best kind; now take it right out of my sight."

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

On Saturday night, before the battle of Bull Run, two of the Minnesota boys took it into their heads to forage a little, for amusement as well as eatables. Striking out from their encampment into the forest, they followed a narrow road some distance, until, turning a bend, five secession pickets appeared not fifty yards distant. The parties discovered each other simultaneously, and at once leveled their rifles, and fired. Two of the Confederates fell dead, and one of the Minnesotians, the other also falling, however, but with the design of trapping the other three, who at once came up, as they said, to "examine the d—d Yankees." Drawing his revolver, the Minnesotian found he had but two barrels loaded, and with these he shot two of the pickets. Springing to his feet, and snatching his saber bayonet from his rifle, he lunged at the survivor, who proved to be a stalwart lieutenant, armed only with a heavy sword. The superior skill of the Southerner was taxed to the utmost in parrying the thrusts and lunges of the brawny lumberman; and for several minutes the contest waged in silence, broken only by the rustle of the long grass by the roadside, and the clash of their weapons. Feigning fatigue, the Minnesotian fell back a few steps, and as his adversary closed upon him with a cat-like spring, he let his saber come down upon the head of secesh, and the game was up. Collecting the arms of the secessionists, he returned to the camp, where he obtained assistance, and buried the bodies of his companion and their foes in one grave.

ALWAYS A BAPTIST.

A squad of Indiana Volunteers out scouting, came across an old woman in a log cabin in the Cheat Mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her, "Well, old lady, are you secesh?" "No," was the answer. "Are you Union?" "No." "What are you, then?" "*A Baptist, and allers have been!*" The Hoosier was satisfied.

HOW JACK PHILLIPS RECOVERED THE MULE FROM THE SECESH.

If the stories of incidents and adventures current in any of the numerous camps, in the neighborhood of Seceshdom, could be collected

in book form, they would make a very readable work. I may send you a string of such as are afloat in our region, at some future time; at present, I will relate one which came to my knowledge a few days since.

Squire Bailey had the biggest, and best, and most docile mule in Marlin's Bottom, and Marlin's Bottom is about the biggest and best neighborhood on Greenbrier river. Squire Bailey was inclined to be a Union man, and did not entirely conceal his sentiments, notwithstanding the presence of Floyd's army in the vicinity. About the time of Floyd's "tumultuous flight" from that region, he was very much in need of transportation, and, according to established usages among secesh, he proceeded to levy on the teams of the neighboring farmers. Of course, a Union man, like Squire Bailey, was not to escape; but Squire Bailey, taking time by the forelock, very quietly, one night, removed to a safe locality all his live stock except his favorite mule, which he kept for hauling wood and going to mill. This mule being apparently the only support of a large and increasing family, Squire Bailey fondly believed the Secesh would not be heartless enough to rob him of it.

But Squire Bailey did not understand Secesh. One fine morning along came Quartermaster Blifie, accompanied by half a dozen armed men, from Floyd's army. Squire Bailey was standing at his gate when Quartermaster Blifie approached, and commenced a conversation with him.

"Good morning, Mr.—a—Mr.—"

"Bailey," suggested the squire.

"Yes, Bailey; good morning, Mr. Bailey."

"Mornin'," said the squire.

"I understand, Mr. Bailey, that you have a number of horses and mules which you wish to dispose of to our glorious Confederacy."

"Mistake, sir," said Bailey; "I have none to sell to anybody."

"But, Mr. Bailey, some gentlemen informed me yesterday that you had quite a number of horses and mules."

"If you'll believe your eyes, instead of 'some gentlemen,' Mr. Quartermaster, you can see for yourself that I have nothin' but that mule, in the dog pen there, and that I can't possibly keep house without."

"Ah! I see the mule," said Blifie, looking through the cracks. "You'd be asking fifty dollars for that mule, I s'pose. Well, it's a big price, but if you won't take less, I'll have to give it. Corporal, just write a note for fifty dollars, payable in Florida swamp lands, at twenty-five dollars an acre, two years after our glorious Confederacy achieves undisputed independence."

"But, Mr. Blifie," remonstrated the squire, "if you take my mule,

my family will freeze to death, and starve to death, too, afore spring. And if I had twenty mules, I could not sell you one sich as that for less nor three hundred in gold, but this one I can't spare at no price."

"We must all make sacrifices, Mr. Bailey, for our glorious Confederacy. If you only knew the sacrifices I have made, Mr. Bailey. The starving and freezing of your wife and children are nothing compared to them; but our glorious Confederacy called, and my patriotism responded to the call. Future generations will remember and bless us, Mr. Bailey, and we will receive the everlasting gratitude of our glorious Confederacy. Think of that, Mr. Bailey—think of that."

Mr. Blifie, before his appointment, had been utterly penniless, and ten times as mean as he was poor. These qualifications got him the appointment of quartermaster; out of this office he was stealing a fortune.

"Mr. Blifie," said the squire, with much feeling, "for the Lord's sake don't take my last airthly support. Don't you see my children are all a cryin' and a carryin' on, because they know they'll all be in their graves afore spring, if you rob me of"—

"Rob!" exclaimed Mr. Blifie, fiercely. "Don't say 'rob' again, or I'll massacre your whole nest of traitors. It's because you're an enemy to our glorious Confederacy that you are unwilling to sell the mule at a fair price. I oughtn't to pay such as you a cent, but I'm a generous man, and you ought to be thankful to me. Corporal, fill up the note as I directed."

"Hold on a minit," said the squire. "If that paper is what you are goin' to give me, don't spile it by writin' on it. The blank paper might be of a little use to me, but the writin' on it never could."

"You're a cursed traitor to our glorious Confederacy," said Blifie, and he started to take the mule out of the pen. It was hitched with a halter, and had a broad surcingle around it. He unfastened it, and without deigning another word to the "enemy of his glorious Confederacy," he was off with it to seek another farmer's stables.

Squire Bailey looked sad as he turned to go in the house, and, in the bitterness of his feelings, so far forgot himself as to "d—n the glorious Confederacy."

Snugly concealed in Squire Bailey's closet was Jack Phillips, the up-to-everything Ohio scout. As the squire entered the room he called out, "Come out, Jack; they're are gone, and the infernal scoundrels have stole my mule."

"I told you they would, said Jack, making his appearance, and if I hadn't informed you last night, they'd a got all the rest of 'em that you sent off."

"That's so, Jack; but I'd give a hundred dollars to have that mule back."

Jack looked steadily at the fire for five minutes.

"What did you say, squire?"

"I said I'd give a hundred dollars to get that mule back, but I s'pose three hundred wouldn't get him."

"I don't know," said Jack, abstractedly; and he looked in the fire for five minutes more. Suddenly Jack brightened up, and said:

"Give me the hundred dollars, squire, and I'll bring you your mule to-morrow night, or your money shall be returned."

The squire looked amazed at Jack for a moment, but seeing he was in earnest, put five double eagles in his hand. In a few minutes Jack left the house dressed in linsey pants, a red wamus, and a coon-skin cap.

Next day, as Jack was walking leisurely up the road, by a coincidence, probably brought about by himself, he met the quartermaster and his men, returning with the proceeds of the expedition. Jack smiled a happy smile when he saw Blifie behind the rest, leading the squire's mule. He walked quietly along, until he came almost opposite the quartermaster, when he darted suddenly off the side of the road, looking at the mule as if frightened.

"Blasted scoundrel!" exclaimed Jack.

"Who! who is a blasted scoundrel?" asked the quartermaster.

"Aint that the mule old Bailey had?" asked Jack, moving still farther out of his reach.

"Yes; but who did you say was a blasted scoundrel?" inquired the quartermaster, very naturally taking all such compliments to himself.

"Why, old Bailey, and the mule, too, for that matter," replied Jack.

"What's the matter with the mule?" asked Blifie, whose former occupation had not made him much of a judge of live stock.

"The matter! Why, he'll kill you afore you get him home. You didn't pay the old sinner anything for him, did you?" inquired Jack.

"Certainly; I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for him." This is what the sacrificing patriot intended to return him at to his glorious Confederacy.

"Lord a mercy!" exclaimed Jack.

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Blifie, looking at the animal, half frightened.

"That ere mule," replied Jack, "has kicked down, in his time, every panel of fence on old Bailey's place! You found him in a pen of big logs, didn't you?"

"Yes; why?" inquired Blifie.

"And them ere logs are fastened by big iron bolts. It's the only thing that would ever hold him. He has killed all the rest of old

Bailey's stock, and the old rascal has kept him on purpose to swindle some fellow with."

"I heard," said Blifie, "that he used to have more stock."

"That's what become of it," said Jack. "Didn't the children cry, and did'nt old Bailey whine and carry on about losing his three hundred-dollar mule?"

"Yes, they did, at a great rate."

"I know'd it," said Jack. "The old woman spanked them children, and sent them out at the nick of time to help the old rascal in his swindle. And to cheat our glorious Confederacy in that manner! He ought to be hung!" and Jack winked his off eye.

"But if he's so vicious," said Blifie, hopefully, "how did they get the halter and surcingle on him?"

"Chloroform, sir, chloroform. I've actually seen that mule kick his collar off."

"And did they give him chloroform to get the collar on him?" asked Blifie.

"No!" replied Jack. "They put some oats in the bottom of a barrel, and laid the collar across the top; the mule ran his head through the collar to get at the oats."

"The devil!' ejaculated the quartermaster.

"Yes," continued Jack, "and I seed him kick that collar off. Ever since that he kicks every barrel to staves that he gets eyes on."

"But he has seemed quiet enough since I have been leading him," interposed Blifie.

"Hev you any liquor about you?" asked Jack.

"Yes, a little in my coat-pocket; why do you ask?"

"That's what he follers you for, and it's a wonder he hain't eat you up body and breeches afore this, to get the liquor. I know'd that mule to kick the lock off of old Bailey's cellar-door, and go down thar and git as drunk as a beast. Fact, sir. That mule can kick your hat off, and you on his back."

"That can't be so," said the quartermaster, incredulously.

"Try him," said Jack. "I've jist got a cool hundred dollars to give you if you'll ride him a rod."

By this time the quartermaster's attendants had got out of sight, and his avaricious soul prompted him to make an effort to get Jack's gold, thinking he couldn't be more than thrown off, anyhow.

The night before this meeting Jack had quietly stolen into the mule's stable, and carefully placed a leather dog-collar, driven full of pointed sparrow-bills, under the mule's surcingle, putting a piece of light leather between the points of the nails and the mule's back, so that a moderate pressure would force them through into the animal's hide.

Ignorant of this, the greedy quartermaster moved the mule to the bank, and sprang on him just where the dog collar was placed. Just as he lit on the mule, a boulder lit on his head, and he lit sprawling in the mud. The mule, frantic with the pain of the nails still sticking in his back, sprang off the side of the road, knocked down a dozen panels of fence, and ran furiously across the field, rearing, kicking, lying down and rolling over, jumping up, and plunging about at a terrible rate.

"I told you so," said Jack, coolly, as the quartermaster scrambled up, rubbing his bruised head, and brushing at the mud on his besmeared clothes.

"He's worse than seven devils, ain't he?" said the discomfited quartermaster.

"In course he is," replied Jack.

"What'll you give me for the chance of him?" asked the quartermaster, as he saw another string of fence go down before the maddened mule.

"Don't know," said Jack; "the halter might be worth a dollar or so, if I could get close enough to shoot him before he tears it all to shorstrings."

"But where's my horse?" asked the quartermaster, looking around in astonishment.

"Don't know," replied Jack; "the mule gave him a hyste with his heels, jist as he started, and haven't seed the horse since."

"I wish the devil had old—"

"Hello, quartermaster!" shouted a man in Secesh uniform, who was coming up the road at the top of his speed; "hello! Mr. Quartermaster, the enemy is coming right down on our camp, and the general wants you immediately. Our army is running like all possest, and the general wants you to help save the plunder. Hurry back as hard as you can run, or the enemy will be betwixt you and our fellers."

Blifie waited to hear no more, but broke for his camp like a quarter-horse. When he arrived, and found that the story was all false, terrible was the vengeance he vowed; but before he had time to execute his threats, Floyd's army was in a remote part of the State.

"It is hardly necessary to add, that the messenger who sent the quartermaster off so precipitately was an associate of Jack's, and that Jack had turned the quartermaster's horse with his head up the road, and by a sharp cut with a whip sent him out of sight before Blifie recovered from his confusion.

Squire Bailey got his mule back again, little the worse for Jack's tricks, and he is as quiet and useful an animal as there is in all the country. The double eagles Jack returned with the mule, taking the quartermaster's horse as compensation for his services.

Jack Phillips says he would like to have an opportunity of inquiring of the self-sacrificing patriot of the glorious Confederacy, whether it hurt him much when the mule kicked his hat off.—*Capt. Jere Williams.*

MARCH.

A good March-ing joke is told of Corporal P., of the —— N. Y. S. V., to the effect that on the last day of February he passed from tent to tent, simply announcing, in an authoritative voice: "March, to-morrow, at 1 o'clock." The brave, ready soldier-boys promptly packed their knapsacks, and put everything in marching order, and laid down to dream of the foe, and some of the boys did not realize the force of the joke, until the ides of March, the next morning, opened upon them a new month, when they laughingly acknowledged themselves fairly "sold."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Some of our boys, in Virginia, were out on a foraging expedition the other day, when one of them espied a fat turkey in a neighboring farm-yard. After that turkey he went; and after an exciting chase he captured him. Slinging the fowl alive over his back, with its head hanging downward, he started on a run for our lines, when suddenly the door of the farm-house opened, and three secessionists armed with rifles made their appearance and gave chase. Our hero made a dash for the fence, sprang over it at a single bound, and without relinquishing his prize ran toward our camp as fast as his feet would carry him. His pursuers fired as they chased him; but he reached camp unhurt. The turkey, however, was not so fortunate; a nearly spent rifle ball had struck him, and saved us the trouble of killing him before preparing him for the fire.

'CUMULATIN' A BEEHIVE.

'Boys, I know where there is a Secesh beehive," said Jack Phillips, one dull morning, while we were quartered on Cheat Mountain Summit.

"Where is it?" asked one of his two hearers.

"If you'll promise to go along and help 'cumulate it, I'll tell you."

"Count me one," said Jed Wicks.

"Count me half a dozen, if you want that many," said Bill Reese.

"But I'll tell you, boys, its down at Robinson's, on Cheat river, and worse than that, it's in the kitchen loft; and still worse, he has two all-fired big cross bloodhounds."

"Come to think," said Jed Wicks, "I haven't time to go."

"I never agreed to go," said Bill Reese.

"Look-a-here, fellers, I tell you we can 'cumulate that 'ere honey, and ef you fellers are afeered to go, I can find somebody that ain't."

This left-hander at their courage set them to warding off with other excuses.

"I'm not afeered to go," said Jed, "but maybe Robinson is a Union man, and it wouldn't do, you know."

"Not by a dern'd sight, he ain't. He's one of these cussed neutral Secesh that's ten times wuss than an out-and-outer. He carries news to Greenbrier camp, and I'll prove it on him afore a week."

"But then," interposed Bill, "we can't get past the camp guards; and if we could, it looks a little too much like stealin'."

"Gittin' a past the guards ain't common amusement," said Jack; "jist say you'll go and the honey is ourn. And as to the moral pint, we'll go 'cording to law and custom, you know. Fust, demandin' of the Secesh bees to take the oath, they refusin', we arrest them, and confiscate their property. All fair and legal, you see. What's stealin' in times o' peace, is confiscatin' and 'cumulatin' in time o' war. For stealin' you go to jail, but for 'cumulatin' you git promoted. So you see, in a moral pint of view, it's intirely different."

Their qualms of conscience being thus satisfactorily disposed of, and Jack having insured their hides against the hounds, they agreed to go if he would get a pass to take them through the guard lines.

"Come right along, then," said Jack, and they followed him to a remote beat where was walking to and fro, a German sentinel, who could not read English. After the usual challenge, Jack advanced, and drawing from the folds of his pocket-book a crumpled paper, read as follows:

CAMP CHEAT MOUNTAIN SUMMIT, VA.,
October, 18, 1861.

The guard will pass the bearer, and two comrades, on very important business. BRIGADIER GENERAL MILROY.

The German understood none of this, except the name and title of the general, and Jack, to prevent him from calling a corporal of the guard, looked very important, and made him understand that the general wished the expedition kept a profound secret. The sentinel deferentially stepped aside, and they passed on.

"How the dickens did you get that pass, Jack?" inquired Bill.

"Pass be hanged! It was nothing but a little note Robinson sent up to the general t'other day by me, about the boys a stealin' from him. Yes, I give it to him much."

"But what does the note say?" eagerly inquired Bill.

"Why, it says as how if the general 'lows any of the soldiers to come stealin' about him, his dogs shouldn't leave har nor hide of 'em. He done it to skeer me, as he noticed me a eyein' of his beehive. I tuk the hint and the note, and told him like as not some of the boys

would be down this very day, and mabbe steal his beehive or somethin'. Says he, 'do you see *them?*' pintin' to his dogs. Says I, 'I believe I see 'em.' Says he, 'one o' them will tear the hind legs off a man the fust jerk, ef I tell 'em to.' Says I, 'keep a sharp look out,' and mentioned to him specially to keep his eyes peeled to-day."

Bill and Jed stopped.

"Jack," said Bill, "my 'pinion is you're tryin' to git us into an infernal scrape."

"Nary time, fellers; nary time. I jist wanted the Secesh cuss to understand that Jack Phillips could 'cumulate that beehive if him and his dogs was a straddle of it. I tell you, 'pon honor, that I have the ropes all laid, and that beehive is as good as ourn without ary scratch. I'll manage Robinson and the dogs myself; they shan't as much as look towards you."

After some further assurance, they proceeded, and when they approached the house they crept quietly through the laurel to take a reconnoisance. There sat Robinson in the very door through which they would have to pass in order to reach the beehive, and by the doorstep lay the two ferocious dogs. Appearances, certainly, were not very promising, but Jack very quietly remarked, "all right, old feller."

"Now, Bill," said he, "you and Jed remain here, silent and still, until you hear me holler, and then double-quick in, wrap a blanket around the beehive, and bring it into the laurel up the pint. You needn't be afeered of Robinson and the dogs, they'll be 'tended to." Saying which Jack started toward the river.

About two hundred yards from the house was a foot-way across the river, that part farthest from the house being a single plank. The water was three or four feet deep, swift and cold, and the banks quite bluff.

In about half an hour from the time Jack left his friends, Robinson was startled by hearing a squawking in the direction of the bridge, and, looking up, saw Jack crossing the river with a chicken under his arm.

"Hold on there, you infernal scoundrel!" he shouted, "or I'll set the dogs on you. Here, Tige, here, Mage!" and he and the dogs started on a run.

"'Taint none of your chicken," shouted Jack, feigning fright; "I bought it down at the widder's."

"Hold on, I tell you!" shouted the enraged Robinson, "and I'll see whose it is, you Yankee thief."

Jack stopped at the farther end of the footway, and stood with his toe under one end of the plank, while Robinson advanced from the other, shaking his fist, and exclaiming:

"I'll teach you to come here stealin', you pilferin', scoundrelly abolition—"

KERSOUSE!

Jack had dexterously thrown the end of the plank sidewise, and Robinson and the dogs were floundering, and fighting, and climbing over each other in four feet of water. Jack gave a loud shout, took to his heels, and at the appointed rendezvous found his comrades with a hive of rich honey.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE BLISTER.

Complaint having been made in one of the camp hospitals, that an Irish volunteer would not submit to the prescribed remedies, one of the attendant physicians proceeded to expostulate with him, when the soldier defended himself by exclaiming:—

"Sure, your honor, wasn't it a blister they were after clapping on me back? And I towld them it was impossible intirely, for I hate them blisters, no matter where you put 'em on me, they go agin my stomach, sure!"

HOW TO GET TO RICHMOND.

One of Ellsworth's Zouaves had been assured that he would dine in Richmond in a week. Before he had a chance to pull a trigger a ball tumbled him over, and he was taken to Richmond sure enough.—"Well," said he, "here I am in Richmond! But," added this pious and exemplary man, in his poetical style, "how the hell am I to dine in Richmond with a ball in my belly!"

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

An incident is told of an encounter between several ladies, who had visited the Federal prisoners in a Southern hospital, and a wounded Federal soldier:

It had become a matter of habit with the fair ones to open conversation with the very natural inquiry, "Where are you wounded?" and accordingly, when a party of three or four the other day approached our cell, they launched out in the usual way. Paddy made believe that he didn't hear distinctly, and replied, "Pretty well, I thank yez." "Where were you wounded?" again fired away one of the ladies. "Faith, I'm not badly hurt, at all. I'll be traveling to Richmond in a wake," replied Pat, with a peculiarly distressing look, as if he was in a tight place. Thinking that he was deaf, one of the old ladies in the background put her mouth down to his ear, and shouted again, "We want to know where you are hurt?"

Pat, evidently finding that if the bombardment continued much

longer he would have to strike his flag anyhow, concluded to do so at once, and, accordingly, with a face as rosy as a boiled lobster, and with an angry kind of energy, he replied, "Sure, leddies, it's not dafe that I am; but, since you are determined to know where I have been wounded, it's on my sate. The bullet entered behind ov me breeches. Plase to excuse me feelings, and ax me no more questions."

AIRY FINGERS.

A German of the second Michigan regiment in hospital at Washington, had his arm amputated. His description of the sensation he feels from his fingers which lately belonged to his left arm, causes frequent bursts of merriment from other patients in the ward. He says:—"I veels der tings mit mine vingers ven I knows ise got no vingers dare; and it makes me mad ven I veels der tings all der times mit mine vingers, and mine vingers aint dare any more shtill."

THE WOUNDED BOY AND HIS FATHER.

An unlucky private in one of the New York regiments was wounded in a late battle, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder. The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet. "Ah, my poor son!" said the father, mournfully, "I'm very sorry for you. But it's a bad place to be hit in—thus *in the back!*" The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointing to the opening above the arm-pit, exclaimed, "Father, there's where the ball went in!"

LOSING AN OLD FRIEND.

It is related of one of Col. Duryea's Zouaves, who was wounded at Big Bethel, so that the amputation of his left arm became necessary, that he bore the operation with much fortitude, and on seeing the arm about to be taken away for burial, called the man back, and grasping the cold, dead fingers, shook hands with the arm, saying:

"Good bye, old friend; you have served me often at a pinch, and I thought to carry you to the grave, but you are going there before me. Good bye!"

A VERY RELIGIOUS COLONEL.

One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received, and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the colonel. "Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the ——— regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been already baptized." (This was a rival regiment.) "Is that so, 'pon honor?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir." "Sergeant," said the colonel to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be ——— if I'll be outdone in any respect!" The chaplain took note of the interview, and withdrew.

SEVERE THREAT.

Those who have visited the Federal forces on the lower Potomac cannot fail to have learned that the chaplain of one of the regiments in General Hooker's division combines with his clerical calling the duties of caterer for an officer's mess, and this has so interfered with the customary occupation of the chaplain, that it is said he had preached but once since the regiment has been in the field. A short time since, butter of a very objectionable quality was placed upon the officers' table, and their ire at once aroused. The colonel was determined to prevent any such imposition on their stomachs in the future, and, sending for the chaplain cook, exclaimed as he entered the tent: "Look here, chaplain, if you ever put such butter as that on the table again, I'll—I'll make you preach next Sunday!" It is said that the threat proved effectual, and that the butter was ever afterward of the best quality.

GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

When Rev. Mr. Humphrey (now Major Humphrey), went to Col. Brackett, in Chicago, for authority to raise a cavalry company, he was asked by the colonel if he had references. This puzzled the parson a little, for it had just occurred to him *that he was away from home;* but reflecting a moment, he remembered "old Joe Knox" was practicing law in that city, and referred the colonel to him.

He was told by the colonel to return in a few hours, and a reply would be given.

In the meantime Colonel Brackett saw "Joe Knox,' and made inquiries as to the character and standing of the parson.

"Do you know Mr. Humphrey, of Genesee, Mr. Knox?"

"What, minister Humphrey, the Methodist preacher, colonel?"

"The same, sir."

"*Do* I know him?"

"Yes."

"Know him like a psalm-book, sir."

"Well, what kind of a man is he?"

"Parson Humphrey *will preach like Paul, pray like Stephen, and fight like the Jews.*

"All right."

And the colonel left.

At the expiration of two hours Mr. Humphrey returned to the office of the colonel; and as he stepped in he was greeted with:

"There are your papers, Mr. Humphrey."

And the parson left for Genesee with the papers in his pocket.

RT. REV. GEN. BISHOP LEONIDAS POLK.

A correspondent writes as follows in reference to the Rt. Rev. General Bishop Leonidas Polk: I think the Rt. Reverend General Bishop Polk, if some one has not slandered him, sent a flag of truce to the Devil, when he laid aside the sword of the spirit and took up the carnal weapons of Jeff. Davis, and has since fallen into the habit of the army in Flanders. It is stated, on the authority of a gentleman who was present, that when a note of inquiry was sent down to Columbus by Gen. Grant, after the fight at Belmont, in which the action was mentioned as a "skirmish" the Bishop General, on reading it, exclaimed with an energetic oath by way of preface, "Skirmish! hell and damnation! I'd like to know what he calls a battle." But this is all natural enough. When Peter denied his Lord, you remember, he soon began to curse and swear.

OLD JOB AND THE ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

The twentieth Illinois regiment was stationed near our city (Joliet), for several weeks. Captain B——, a real good fellow, and sheriff of Kankakee county, became impressed with the idea that he was unpopular with his company, which occasioned him to take a glass or two too much, and to express, in pretty strong language, the many troubles and grievances with which he had been afflicted. A good deacon of our place induced him to come into his store and endeavored to pursuade him that his suspicions in regard to his popularity were unfounded, and that he should bear his troubles like a man. The captain drew himself up and said, "Deacon, you are a good deal of a Bible man, and probably are acquainted with old Job. Now, I don't say but what he had a pretty hard time, and that they spread the boils on him mighty thick, but still you see he never commanded a company of Illinois volunteers."

HOW LIKE SINNERS AT HOME.

A chaplain of one of the regiments on the Potomac narrates the case of a sick soldier which strikingly illustrates the reasoning of many men in the camp and out of it. Some one had mentioned to the soldier the

case of the Vermonter who was sentenced to be shot for sleeping on his post. During the evening following, the fever setting in violently, the sick man imagined that *he* was the man sentenced to be shot. The surgeon being called, the following conversation ensued.

"Doctor, I am to be shot in the morning, and wish you to send for the chaplain. I desire to make all necessary preparation for my end."

"They shall not shoot you,—I'll take care of you. Whoever comes to take you from here, I shall have them arrested and put under guard."

"Will you, dear doctor? Thank you—thank you,—well then, you need not send for the chaplain *just yet.*"

The chaplain, in mentioning the instance, adds, "How like sinners at home!"

FATHER TOM.

The gallant and gifted General Thomas Francis Meagher, now in the field under the flag of his adopted country, relates an incident which shows the patriotism of the Catholic clergy in this momentous struggle. The unctuous humor of Meagher in telling the story gives it more than half its charm. Very early in the war Governor Sprague sent here two Rhode Island regiments, which soon became famous for their fine appearance, discipline, and decorum. Attached to one of these was a young priest, the head of a large congregation in Providence, and a learned and loyal man. He was known as "Father Tom" by the boys, and in his ocsasional visits to Washington soon became a general favorite. He was a believer in Meagher, and loved to converse with the orator-hero. One morning while Meagher was lying ill at the National Hotel in this city, Father Tom entered the room of his friend, and was presented to the well-known Alexander Dimitry, who, although personally a stranger to the Irish chaplain, was at once remembered as a man of great genius and greater eccentricity. Dimitry had just been recalled from Central America, to which country he had been sent as American minister by Mr. Buchanan's patriotic administration; and as Mr. D. was not only a citizen of New Orleans and a furious pro-slavery-ite, but an ex-placeman, he was in no complacent mood. An earnest Catholic himself, his first greeting to Father Tom was a grunt of disapprobation at seeing him, a Catholic priest, in the "Yankee uniform."

"I am horrified, sir," said the learned secessionist, "that you should dishonor your church by wearing the livery of the oppressor of the South—the miserable Lincoln, who, instead of walking on all-fours, is permitted by Divine Providence to stand on two legs, as if to caricature humanity." "Oh, Mr. Dimitry," responded Father Tom, "we will not quarrel about personal matters, or I might call your attention to the traitor and imbecile, James Buchanan, who produced the war, and

whose wages you took." "Imbecile!" roared the noisy scholar; "Imbecile! Down on your knees and beg pardon of your Maker for this insult to one of the best of men, or I will make an example of you, holy man as you assume to be." It was now the turn of the soldier-priest to lose his temper. "If I am a holy man, sir," he shouted, "I am not, as you are, a traitor and an ingrate to my country. There," he said, pulling off his glove and flinging it in Dimitry's face; "there is my pledge that I carry a brave heart under my rosary, and if you are not a coward you will take it up and let me prove it to you." After waiting for a response from the astounded blusterer, Father Tom bid General Meagher good-night and left the room. In a few days the linguist, philosopher, diplomat, and professor shook the dust of Washington from his feet, and is now, we believe, cursing his bad luck and the Southern Confederacy in the panic-stricken city of New Orleans.—*War Press.*

TOBY TRIES HIS GUN.

Toby is a high private in the Mississippi army. His company is armed with breech-loading Maynard rifles, "warranted to shoot twelve times a minute, and to carry a ball effectively 1,600 yards." Men who fought at Monterey and Buena Vista call the new-fangled thing a "pop-gun." To test its efficiency, Toby's captain told the men "they must try their guns." In obedience to command, Toby procured the necessary munitions of war, and started with his "pop-gun" for the woods. Saw a squirrel up a very high tree—took aim, fired. Effects of shot immediate and wonderful. Tree effectually topped, and nothing of the squirrel to be found, except three broken hairs. "Pop-gun" rose in value, equal to a four-pounder. But Toby wouldn't shoot towards any more trees—afraid of being arrested for cutting other people's timber. Walked a mile and a quarter to get sight of a hill. By aid of a small telescope, saw hill in distance; saw large rock on hill; put in big load; made ready; took aim at rock; shut both eyes—fired. As soon as breath returned, opened eyes; could see, just could; but couldn't distinguish any sounds; thought Niagara had broke loose, or all out of doors had gone to drum-beating. Determined to see if shot hit. Borrowed horse, and started toward the hill. After traveling two days and nights, reached the place; saw setting sun shining through the hill; knew right away that was where the shot hit. Went closer; stumbled over rocky fragments scattered over half a mile in line of bullet. Come to hole; knew bullet hit there, because saw lead on the edges; walked in; walked through; saw teamster on the other side "indulging in profane language," in fact, "cussin considerable," because lightning had killed his team. Looked as his finger directed; saw six dead oxen in line with hole in the mountain; knew *that* was bullet's work, but

didn't say so to angry teamster. Thought best to be leaving; in consequence, didn't explore path of bullet any farther; therefore don't know whether it stopped at all; in fact, rather think it didn't. Mounted horse; rode back through hole made by bullet; came home; put gun away, but never told captain a word about it; to tell truth, was afraid he would think it a hoax. "It *is* a right big story, boys," said Toby, in conclusion; "but it's true, as sure as shooting. Nothing to do with Maynard gun, but load her up, turn her North, and pull the trigger; if twenty of them don't clean out all Yankeedom, then I'm a liar, that's all."

SWEARING A CONTRABAND.

The following description of the swearing of a contraband is from a letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* from a member of Company K, First Iowa Cavalry:

"Innumerable questions were being propounded to him, when the corporal advanced, observing—

"'See here, Dixie, before you enter the service of the United States, you must be sworn.'

"'Yes, massa, I do dat,' he replied, when the corporal continued—

"'Well, then, take hold of the Bible,' holding out a letter envelope, upon which was delineated the Goddess of Liberty standing upon a Suffolk pig, wearing the emblem of our country. The negro grasped the envelope cautiously with his thumb and forefinger, when the corporal proceeded to administer the oath by saying:

"'You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and see that there are no grounds floating upon the coffee at all times.'

"'Yes, massa, I do dat,' he replied; 'I allers settle him in de coffee-pot.'

"Here he let go of the envelope to gesticulate by a downward thrust of his forefinger the direction that would be given to the coffee-grounds for the future.

"'Never mind how you do it,' shouted the corporal, 'but hold on to the Bible.'

"'Lordy, massa, I forgot,' said the negro, as he darted forward and grasped the envelope with a firmer clutch, when the corporal continued—

"'And you do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of all the loyal States, and not spit upon the plates when cleaning them, or wipe them with your shirt-sleeve.'

"Here a frown lowered upon the brow of the negro, his eyes expanded to their largest dimensions, while his lips protruded with a rounded form, as he exclaimed:

"'Lordy, massa, I never do dat. I allers washes him nice. Ole misses mighty 'ticler 'bout dat.'

"'Never mind ole misses,' shouted the corporal, as he resumed: 'and you do solemnly swear that you will put milk in the coffee every morning, and see that the ham and eggs are not cooked too much or too little.'

"'Yes, I do dat; I'se a good cook.'

"'And, lastly,' continued the corporal, 'you do solemnly swear that when this war is over you'll make tracks for Africa almighty fast.'

"'Yes, massa, I do dat. I allers wanted to go to Cheecargo.'

"Here the regimental drums beat up for dress parade, when Tom Benton—that being his name—was declared duly sworn in and commissioned as chief cook in Company K, of the First Iowa Cavalry."

ON PICKET GUARD; OR, CAPTURING A SECESSIONIST.

"Roger," said my comrade, Jack Hinton, "it will be our turn for picket guard to-morrow."

We were seated in front of our tent at Camp Hamilton when my friend uttered these words. The moon had just made her appearance in the east, and was throwing a flood of silvery splendor over the green, waving fields and the tall trees in our vicinity, while the tents gleamed like white snow-banks all around us. Dimly in the distance we could see the walls of Fortress Monroe, and could just make out the gleaming of a musket, now and then, as the sentinels paced to and fro along the ramparts.

"All right," said I, in answer to the words of my friend; "and I guess we'll have a clear day for it."

"Without doubt," replied Jack, as he hitched up his red pants and wound his sash tighter about his waist; "and a clear night, too, perhaps, which last I don't fancy so much."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"For the simple reason that it will afford these secession scouts, if there should be any of them prowling around, a good opportunity to pop at us from behind some one of those tall, beautiful trees which you admire so much."

"Nonsense," I replied "there isn't one within ten miles of us."

"I ain't so sure of that, chum," replied Jack; "and, by the way, that reminds me that I had a bad dream about you last night; so you had better be careful."

"Out with it," said I.

"Well," began Jack, "I dreamed—"

'Bang! bang! whiz—whi-r-r-r!" from the thicket in our rear, followed by an agonizing cry of pain.

The next moment loud cries for the corporal of the guard were heard on all sides; when, anticipating an attack, my chum and I sprang into our tents, and girding our body-belts about us, reappeared with our muskets in our hands.

No more shots being fired, however, we came to the conclusion that some of the sentinels had shot himself by accident.

But we were mistaken; for a few moments afterward a crowd of our Zouaves passed us, bearing the body of a comrade between them, and we learned that he had been shot, probably by a party of the enemy, while performing his beat near a lonely path in the very heart of the thicket. The whole of the second relief had been immediately depatched in pursuit of the enemy, who had retreated after firing upon the sentinel. The latter was not seriously wounded. Two shots had penetrated his right shoulder.

An hour from that time the second relief returned with three prisoners, who were immediately taken to the fort.

This circumstance convinced me that the secessionists were not so far from us as I had imagined; and I resolved to keep a wary eye around me when posted on the following night.

With this resolution upon my mind I unrolled my blanket, spread it upon the ground, and with my knapsack for a pillow, laid down and was soon fast asleep.

The weather was so warm, and our tent so crowded, that I always preferred to sleep outside. The next morning after breakfast, the drum sounded for picket. Our canteens having been filled with fresh water, and our haversacks with twenty-four hours' rations, my comrade and I took our places in the ranks.

The regiment was drawn up in line, the customary manœuvres gone through with, and we were ready to start, when it flashed across my mind like lightning that I had forgotten my meerschaum!

Oh, Heavens! what a calamity was this!

In fancy, on the previous night, I had pictured myself lying in the shade of some friendly tree while off duty, and puffing blue wreaths of smoke into the fragrant breeze—dreaming "such dreams as mortal never dreamed before."

And now, alas! my forgetfulness had dashed the delightful framework of my fancy to atoms!

I poured my sorrows into the ear of my chum, who was busy pouring water down his throat. He sympathized with me, and pointed to the end of a black pipe protruding from his pocket, as much as to say, "It's all right; you see I've got a pipe, and we'll go shares."

I felt indignant; I felt that the honor of my meerschaum had been insulted. That infernal black pipe—that old pipe which he had smoked

for six months, that pipe which wouldn't smoke at all sometimes, and which, when it did smoke, smoked black, villainous-looking clouds into the face of every person who came near it—to even hint that a pipe like that could make amends for the absence of my meerschaum! It was scandalous, outrageous! But I had no time to indulge these feelings, for the next moment the order came to "Right face!" then "Forward, march!" and away we went to relieve the Troy boys, or "The Gray Backs," as we generally termed them, on account of their uniform, which was of a most decided gray.

A march of about five miles, beneath a burning sun and along a dusty road bordered by tall, beautiful trees, brought us to the place of our destination, a shady and well-watered grove, where we came to a halt, after passing the Troy boys, who presented arms to us as we marched by them, and grinned at us from behind their muskets. It was a pleasant "grin," however—a "grin" of welcome and of approbation.

Our sentinels were soon posted, and those who were not on duty stretched their wearied limbs upon the ground beneath the trees. As I belonged to the third relief, I had a long period of rest before me, and accordingly laid down and mourned after my forgotten meerschaum. My chum sat complacently smoking his black pipe. I watched him for awhile, and then fell asleep from sheer disgust.

At two o'clock I was stationed at my post. It was a solitary one in the heart of a dense wood, just where two paths intersected each other. The thick masses of shrubbery on each side of me, would have afforded excellent shelter for the enemy, should they have taken it into their heads to disturb me. This, however, did not occur at that time, and at four o'clock I was relieved.

A rest of four hours, and at eight o'clock I was again on duty. Darkness gathered around me, and all objects became indistinct. The wind rose and sighed through the tall trees, and the hooting of the owl fell dismally upon my ears. With my gun upon my shoulder I paced to and fro in that solitary Virginia forest, peering keenly through the darkness every now and then, to see if I could discover anything. Once or twice I fancied I could hear a suspicious rustling in the shrubbery on my right, but as the noises were not repeated, I came to the conclusion that they were caused by some bird or other animal. Nevertheless, I resolved to be on my guard, and kept my finger upon the trigger of my musket the whole time. All at once, I felt an indefinable sensation creeping over me—a sort of shudder which pervaded my whole frame. It was a feeling which in all my life-time I remembered to have only experienced once before, and that was upon the sperm whaling ground, when I saw the ponderous flukes of one of these monsters suspended over me, and about to descend upon my head.

While I was still under the influence of this feeling, a flood of silvery light shot across my path and lay quivering on the ground. This caused me to look up, and through an opening in the branches of a tall tree, which extended above me, I saw the full moon just emerging from behind a heavy cloud, by which it had hitherto been obscured. But another sight—a decidedly unpleasant one, and calculated to operate disagreeably upon the nerves—met my vision. This was nothing less than the glistening barrel of a long rifle, pointed directly toward me, from between the branches of the tree. I could see nothing but the rifle, as the figure that held it was completely shrouded from sight by the leaves. The recollection of the noise which I had heard in the shrubbery now flashed across my mind. The Secessionist managed to elude my vigilance, and scale the tree in the darkness. The best I could do now was to bring my musket to my shoulder as quickly as possible, take as good aim as circumstances would admit of, and fire—at the same time calling out for the corporal of the guard. But before I could perform the first of these movements, the rifle was discharged, and I heard the whizzing sound of a bullet as it passed within an inch of my temple. The next moment I saw a dark figure descending the tree with an alertness which showed him to be possessed of an active frame. I took deliberate aim and fired. But as I expected would be the case, owing to the intervening trunk of the tree, I missed him, and the next moment he dashed into the shrubbery, and was out of sight.

My call for the corporal of the guard had been heard, and he made his appearance soon after.

To him I related the occurrence, and he left me for the purpose of acquainting the officer of the guard with the circumstance.

He had not been gone five minutes, when "bang" went that infernal rifle again, and another shot informed me that it had been intended for my head, but would content itself by taking the tassel from my red cap. The report came from the shrubbery on my right, and with my musket ready to fire I rushed in that direction. But nothing was to be seen and I returned to my post, with a decidedly uncomfortable sensation about the region of the heart, and an eager longing for the reappearance of the corporal.

Expecting every moment to be sent to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," by another shot from my unseen enemy, and not wishing to be sent there in that disagreeable manner, I resolved upon strategy.

Taking my cap from my head, I stole cautiously to the edge of the shrubbery, hung my dilapidated head-piece upon a twig, and placing my musket alongside of it, so as to make the deception as perfect as

possible, retired about ten paces from the same, and crouching down in a shadowy spot waited for further developments.

I had not been in this position for more than a minute, with my eyes fixed keenly upon the shrubbery before me, when I beheld the dark figure of my enemy moving stealthily toward my cap and musket. He paused when about ten paces from the same, raised his rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim at the cap, which it is very evident he supposed to be my head, and fired.

In the meantime, I had stolen behind him, and with a wild Zouave yell I sprang upon him, caught him by the back of the neck, and throwing him to the ground, placed my knee upon his breast and my two hands upon his throat, at the same time singing out lustily for the corporal of the guard!

I had not long to wait. The corporal made his appearance a second afterward with a file of men, and to them I gave up my prisoner.

My next step was to regain my cap and musket. The former lay upon the ground, and upon making an examination I perceived that the enemy's last shot had made an ugly hole in it, just where the back of my head would have been with the cap upon it.

All further details are unnecessary. The prisoner was conducted to the fort on the next day, and I believe is still in confinement at that place.

So much for picket guard.— *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CHAPLAIN.

Chaplain B——, of the 1164th regiment, N. Y. S. V., (this is a true story), having heard that he was entitled to rations for two horses, was much exercised in regard to the justice of drawing said rations when he was not the owner of a solitary horse. So, to satisfy himself on this point, he held a consultation with several brother officers on this subject. They all assured him that Uncle Sam didn't care whether he owned horses or not, but would pay the rations, without asking any questions. But the chaplain was not satisfied. At length a bright idea struck him. He knew the owner of four or five horses, and going to him laid bare his case. The result was satisfactory. The chaplain bought a fifty cent share in two horses, and was happy in the thought that now he could draw his full pay and rations honorably and honestly.

BLINKY.

It is the custom of the colonel of our regiment (Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers) to make the rounds every night in person, and satisfy himself that every sentinel is at his post and doing his duty. A

few nights ago, while in discharge of this self-imposed duty, he approached a post, and received the challenge as usual, "Who comes there?"

"Friend with the countersign," was the reply.

Here the poor sentinel was at a loss. The rest of his instructions had been forgotten. The colonel is a very particular man, and insists that everything shall be done exactly right. So after spending considerable time in the endeavor to impress the "role" upon the mind of the sentinel, he suggested that he would act as sentinel, while the other should personate the colonel. "Blinky"—for such is his surname in the regiment—moved back a few paces, and then turned to approach the colonel. "Who comes there?" challenged the colonel.

"*Why, Blinky; don't you know me, colonel?*"

This was too much for even so patient and forbearing a man as Colonel Howell. The gun was handed over, and the colonel passed on to the next post.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

A number of instances of personal daring are related characteristic of the troops, on both sides, in the lines at Yorktown. During the first day's skirmish on our right, two soldiers, one from Maine, the other from Georgia, posted themselves each behind a tree, and indulged in sundry shots, without effect on either side, at the same time keeping up a lively chat. Finally, that getting tedious, Georgia calls out to Maine, "Give me a show," meaning step out, and give an opportunity to hit. Maine, in response, pokes out his head a few inches, and Georgia cracks away, and misses. "Too high," says Maine. "Now give me a show." Georgia pokes out his head, and Maine blazes away. "Too low," sings Georgia. Finally, Maine sends a ball so as to graze the tree within an inch or two of the ear of Georgia. "Cease firing," shouts Georgia. "Cease it is," responds Maine. "Look here," says one, "we have carried on this business long enough for one day. S'pose we adjourn for rations?" "Agreed," says the other. And so the two marched away in different directions, one whistling "Yankee Doodle," the other "Dixie."

A GERMAN SENTINEL.

An amusing story is told by some Dubuque boys of the "Iowa First," about the changes which a certain password underwent about the time of the battle of Springfield.

One of the Dubuque officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guards with passwords for the night, furnished the word "Potomac." A German on guard, not understanding distinctly the difference between the

B's and P's, understood it to be "Bottomic," and this, on being transferred to another, was corrupted to "Buttermilk." Soon afterwards the officer who had given the word, wished to return through the lines, and approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt; and the password demanded. He gave "Potomac."

"Nicht right—you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stan';" at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast in such a manner as told Mr. Officer that "Potomac" did'nt pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?"

"Buttermilk, d—n you."

"Well, then, Buttermilk, d—n you."

"Dat is right; now you pass mit yourself about your pizness."

There was a general overhauling of the password, and the difference between Potomac and Buttermilk being understood, the joke became one of the laughable incidents of the campaign.

THE DEVIL.

When the —th Michigan Regiment first went into camp, G——, a young fellow (now a lieutenant) of great promptness and energy, and withal possessing a large fund of humor, was posted at the principal entrance as sentinel. About 10 o'clock at night a drunken fellow came stumbling along towards the gate.

"Who goes there?" challenged the sentinel.

Just as the challenge was uttered the man tripped his foot, and very naturally exasperated at his stumble, gave utterance to the extremely profane ejaculation:

"The devil!"

"Halt!" exclaimed the sentinel, in a voice of thunder. "Advance, the devil, and give the countersign!"

THE FRIGHTENED SENTINELS.

Two soldiers were on sentry duty one dark night, when suddenly an immense form, as if that of some hideous wild beast, suddenly appeared before them, and a terrible noise fell upon their ears. Struck with terror, they both fired, and the monster, with a singular groan, fell to the earth. The camp was alarmed at the reports of the muskets, and turned out. Upon examination, the cause of the alarm was discovered to be a broken-winded horse that had wandered near the vicinity of the sentinels.

THE CAUTIOUS SENTINEL.

A sentinel on duty observed a person approaching him through the darkness. The advanced posts of the two armies were within hailing distance of each other; and the sentry, as soon as the stranger approached within a couple of hundred feet from him, shouted:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend!" was shouted back.

"Give the countersign where you are!" cried the sentry, unwilling to allow the person to advance to a nearer, and, as he considered, a more dangerous proximity.

"I'll give it to you when I am nearer," said the officer.

"Advance another step, and I'll fire upon you!" shouted the sentry.

"You foolish fellow," replied the other, who was obliged to halt, "if I shout the countersign to you, the enemy may hear it."

"I don't care!" replied the sentry, "so long as I can hear you!"

And the officer was obliged to seek another portion of the camp, where he could pass without betraying the word to foes as well as friends.

THE DUTCH SENTINEL.

While the Second Regiment was stationed at Ball's Cross Roads, an officer approached a sentinel, an honest German.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel.

"A friend!"

"Advance, friend, mit the countersign, *Boston!*" said the Dutchman.

The officer passed *that* sentinel without difficulty, and the German was not put on guard again until after going through a thorough course of instruction as to his duty.

TWO GOVERNORS.

A few weeks ago, his Excellency, Governor Washburn, attempted to pass the lines of Camp Hamlin, and was challenged by the guard, who demanded the countersign.

"Don't you know me?" inquired the governor.

"No!" was the response, with a decisive shake of the head.

"I am the Governor—Governor Washburn," blandly remarked the commander-in-chief.

"You can't come that dodge," replied the faithful sentinel; "*two Governor Washburns have already passed the lines to-day!*"

A GOOD SHOT.

A sentry one day saw a rat on his beat, and fired at it and killed it. In just one minute he found himself on the way to the guard-house.

"I made a good shot, anyway," was his self-consoling remark, as the door closed on him.

CHAFFING.

The following "chaffing" between the opposing sentries, near Bailey's Cross-Roads, when within ear-shot of each other, occurred one day:

Secesh—"When are yer coming up ter take the hill?"

Michigander—"Oh, after yeou is manners. When are you coming to take the Capitol?"

Secesh—"Reckon yer don't like the Bull Run route to Manasses?"

Michigander—"Waal, we calc'late ter go next time by way of Hatteras?"

A "MIXED UP" ADVENTURE.

Among the beauties of the war in Western Virginia, is the "mixed up" way in which the combatants manœuvre among the mountains. Here is a recent instance, where a single loyal soldier halted an entire rebel regiment:

Sergeant Cart, of Tippecanoe, Ohio, was upon the post first attacked by the enemy. The advanced guard of the Second Virginia (Rebel), consisting of twelve men, came suddenly upon him and his three companions. The bright moonlight revealed the flashing bayonets of the advancing regiment. He was surrounded and separated from his reserve. With great presence of mind, he stepped out and challenged, "Halt! Who goes there?" The advance guard, supposing they had come upon a scouting party of their own men, answered, "Friends, with the countersign." At his order, "Advance one, and give the countersign," they hesitated. He repeated the order peremptorily, "Advance and give the countersign, or I'll blow you through?" They answered, without advancing, "Mississippi." "Where do you belong?" he demanded. "To the Second Virginia Regiment." "Where are you going?" "Along the ridge." They then in turn questioned him, "Who are you?" "That's my own business," he answered, and, taking deliberate aim, he shot down his questioner.

He called for his boys to follow him, and sprung down the ledge of a rock, while a full volley went over his head. He heard his companions summoned to surrender, and the order given to the Major to advance with the regiment. Several started in pursuit of him. He had to ascend the hill on the side toward the enemy's camp. While he eluded his pursuers, he found himself in a new danger. He had gotten within the enemy's camp pickets! He had, while running, torn the U. S. from his cartridge-box, and torn the strips from his pantaloons. He was challenged by their sentinels while making his way out, and and answered, giving the countersign, "Mississippi," Second Virginia Regiment. They asked him what he was doing there. He said that

the boys had gone off on a scout after the Yankees, that he had been detained in camp, and in trying to find them he got bewildered.

As he passed through, to prevent further questioning, he said, "Our brave boys are up on the ridge; which is the best way up?" They answered, "Bear to the left, and you'll find it easier to climb." Soon again his pursuers were after him, as he expressed it, "breaking brush" behind him, this time with a hound on his trail. He made his way to a brook, and running down the shallow stream, threw the dog off the scent, and, as the day was dawning, he came suddenly upon four pickets, who brought their arms to a ready, and challenged him. He gave the countersign, "Mississippi," and claimed to belong to the Second Virginia Regiment. His cap-box had slipped from his belt-plate. They asked him where he got that belt. He told them he had captured it that night from a Yankee. They told him to advance, and, as he approached, he recognized their accoutrements, and knew that he was among his own men, a picket guard from the First Kentucky.

He was taken before Colonel Enyart, and dismissed to his regiment. Such acts ought to be recorded—such men rewarded with promotion. I asked him what his motive was in halting a whole column of the enemy. He said his plan was to give intimation to the reserve of their advance, that they might open upon them on their left flank, and so, perhaps, arrest their progress.

BRANDY AND WINE.

At one of the camps on Staten Island, a new recruit was placed on guard one night. An officer, wishing to be satisfied that the recruit understood his duty, walked to the post and passed by, meeting with no resistance or objection. Looking at the sentry for a moment, he asked him if that was the way he performed his duty.

"Oh, I'm performing my duty," was the reply.

"What did you let me pass for? Didn't the sergeant give you the countersign?"

"I know nothing of your countersign," was the reply; "but the sergeant told me that the first man who came along would give me brandy and wine, and not a d—d drop of either have I seen, although half a dozen have passed me. Hang the wine! I only want the brandy."

The pass-word was "Brandywine," and the new aspirant for military honors had only comprehended it in the sense probably most familiar to him.

AN INTELLIGENT SENTRY.

A German soldier, belonging to one of our regiments, escaped from guard duty by not understanding the English language. He had been

detailed as a sentinel, and the officer of the day said; "Sentinel, it is your duty at this place to salute all officers according to their rank; to keep fire from approaching the magazine; and, in case the enemy appears, you are to discharge your musket and run to the camp. Do you understand?" "Yes, lieutenant," replied the worthy German. It appeared a little later, on being questioned, that he understood he had been instructed "to shoot all officers of rank, and then set fire to the magazine, and, if he saw an enemy, to run away."

A GOOD JOKE.

On the occasion of a review a few days since, the President and Secretary Cameron had occasion to pass through one of the gates of Fort Runyon. The rule is to keep to the right, but the road was so blocked up that the President's coach tried to pass through the left gate. This the guard resisted, when he was told it was the President's carriage; but he shouted, "That dodge has been tried before, it won't do this time." "Old Abe" thought it a good joke, and ordered his coachman to wait and take his turn to the right, like common folks.

"JEFF. DAVIS."

"Who goes there?" shouted a sentinel lately, when on guard one evening at a camp in the vicinity of New York. "It is I,—Col ——," was the reply. "The pass-word?" "I do not remember, but I am the Colonel: let me pass, it's all right." "The word?" "I tell you I don't know it; but no matter, I am Col. ——." "If you were Jeff. Davis himself, you couldn't pass. Stand back!" The colonel had to retire, but was dubbed "Jeff. Davis" ever after.

It is curious that while the sentinel was correct in the performance of his duty, yet his intellectual perceptions were so muddled, that he, though a good Unionist, spoke of the rebel leader as one who might claim authority over him.

RATHER FISHY.

A gentleman from the troops at the Relay House says that the sentinels have, in some instances, a pleasant way of making challenges. A fellow who had been fishing on the Patapsco, and had secured a fine string of fish, was stopped by the usual question,

"Who goes there?"

"Fisherman," was the answer.

"Advance, fisherman, and drop two shad," said the alert sentinel, looking out for his commissariat.

A Southern paper gives the following from a correspondent:—

On the first night after my arrival, in passing from one quarter to

another, I was stopped by a sentinel whom I recognized as private P——, (though he did not recognise me). I was asked for the countersign, and replied,

"A friend with a bottle."

The reply was—

"Advance bottle and draw stopper."

I did so, and was suffered to pass on my way rejoicing.

THE HUMORS OF PICKET DUTY.

A newspaper correspondent writes the following:

Soldiers soon learn to be reckless. The encampment of the Second Michigan is in the vicinity of Munson's Hill. Their pickets and those of the rebels are within talking distance. I was told that they frequently exchange epithets, the one daring the other to show himself, neither losing any opportunity that offered to pick the other off by a well-directed bullet. My informant assured me with a gusto that I could not appreciate, that it was the greatest fun in the world to go to a certain point in the neighborhood, whence he could see and be seen by the rebels, and there listen to the whizzing of the bullets in the bushes and among the trees surrounding him.

"But," I inquired, "do they not kill some of your men?"

"Oh," replied he, "they occasionally take down a picket, but we are more than even with them."

A few nights ago, three of our men stole out of camp for the purpose of getting a few roasting ears from the corn-field in which the rebel picket is stationed. Two were to watch, while the third gathered the corn. Just as he commenced picking the ears, a bullet whizzed across his thighs, just grazing the skin. Uttering in a loud voice the words "I am shot," he turned, drew his gun to his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim, lodged the bullet in the heart of his enemy, who fell dead without a groan. These are some of the sports of camp life. How do you relish them?

SOCIABLE ENEMIES.

The humane order of Gen. McClellan, against firing upon pickets has been reciprocated by the rebels, and the consequence has been that scarcely any on either side have been killed during the past week. A few nights ago, a German picket guard outside of Arlington heard their own language spoken by scouts opposite them. A few words were interchanged, and the parties on both sides, finding themselves fellow-countrymen, proceeded to meet each other in confidence. So well pleased with their interview were they, that after posting a sufficient number of guards along the prescribed lines, the majority returned to

the neutral ground, and building a fire, passed the best part of the night together on the warmest and most amicable terms.

AN AMUSING DIALOGUE.

An amusing dialogue lately occurred in one of the American camps, between a private, who was acting as sentinel near a hospital, and a general. On the approach of the latter, the former neglected to give the accustomed salute. The general sharply asked:

"Who stands guard here?"

"A chap about my size," answered the private.

General—"What are your duties here?"

"To allow the sick to come out, and to keep the well in."

"Call your corporal."

"You won't catch me doing that. I don't intend to stand here two hours longer than usual to please you." [The sentinel alluded here to a rule which gives corporals the power when they are unnecessarily called by sentinels, to punish them by imposing on them two hours' extra duty.]

The general, indignant at these replies, hunted up the lieutenant of the guard, and facing the sentinel, said:

"What instructions do you give your men in relation to saluting superior officers?"

The lieutenant said to the sentinel:

"Have I not told you to salute your superior officers—do you not know that this is your general?"

The sentinel, with a look of amazement, replied:

"If the Almighty is not better acquainted with him as a general than I am, he is a lost man, sure."

COW-BELL DODGE.

The rebels have resorted to an ingenious way of luring our men into their snares. It is known as the "cow-bell dodge," and it was very successful for a time, especially with newly-arrived regiments, companies of which were placed on picket for the first time. Approaching within thirty or forty rods of our outposts and concealing themselves in the woods, they commence the irregular tinkle of a cow-bell. The uninitiated picket, not suspecting the *ruse*, and not yet reconciled to drinking his coffee without milk, goes out to obtain a supply from the supposed cow of some Virginia rebel, flattering himself that he has a "big thing on secesh." Not until until he finds himself surrounded by a half-dozen or so armed rebels does he learn his mistake. In Richmond are nearly a dozen of our soldiers, who are probably now regretting their ready credulity and appetite for milk.

A CONTRABANDISH IDEA OF WAR.

We were passing along the wharves, a few days ago, wondering at the amount of business that was there transacted. While standing observing a cargo of horses being transferred from a vessel to the shore, an "old contraband" appeared at our elbow, touching his old fur hat, and scraping an enormous foot. He opened his battery upon us with the following:

"Well, bos, how is yer?"

"Pretty well, daddy; how are you?"

"I'se fuss rate, I is. B'long to Old Burnemside's boys, dos yer?"

"Yes, I belong to that party. Great boys, ain't they?"

"Well, I thought yer b'longed to dat party. Great man, he is, dat's sartain. Yes, sir. We waited and waited; we heard yer was coming, but we mos guv yer up. 'Deed we jess did; but one mornin' we heard de big guns, way down ribber, go bang, bang, bang, and de folks round yer began to cut dar stick mitey short, and trabbel up de rail-track. Den, bress de good Lord, we knowed yer was coming, but we held our jaw. Byme-by de sogers begun to cut dar stick, too, and dey did trabbel! Goramity, 'pears dey made de dirt fly! Yah, ha!"

"Why, were they scared so bad?"

"De sogers didn't skeer um so much as dem black-boats. 'Kase, yer see, de sogers shot solid balls, and dey don't mind dem so much; but when dem boats say bo-o-m, dey knowed de *rotten balls* was comin', and dey skeeted, quickern a streak o' litenin'."

"What rotten balls did the boats throw at them?"

"Don't yer know? Why, dem balls dat are bad, dar rotten; fly all to bits—'deed does dey—play de very debbil wid yer. No dodgin' dem ere balls; 'kase yer dunno whar dey fly to—strike yah and fly yandah; dat's what skeered 'em so bad!"

"Well, what are you going to do when the war's over? Going along?"

"Dunno, p'raps I goes Norf, wid dis crowd. Pretty much so, I guess. 'Peers ter me dis chile had better be movin'."

"WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD."

When Lieutenant Slemmer was in command of Fort Pickens, Gen. Bragg, of the Secession forces, sent a demand for its surrender. Lieut. Slemmer, instead of complying with the demand, sent to inquire the number of troops besieging the fort. Gen. Bragg, evidently desirous of furnishing him with full information on this point, replied that he had seventeen hundred under his immediate command, and five thousand more within whistle-call. Lieut. Slemmer's reply was: "You had better begin to whistle!"

"OFFICIAL."

At the battle of Wilson's Creek, McCulloch was the chief in command, and it is to his incompetency that Price attributes the disaster that befel him on that occasion. The plan of the rebels was to attack General Lyon's camp on the very night that Lyon attacked them. For this purpose, McCulloch ordered all the pickets to be drawn in, and got everything in readiness to march.

Just then a storm of rain came up, enveloping everything in thick darkness. McCulloch decided to wait till the storm was over; but the night continued extremely dark, and the troops fell asleep. The pickets were not again sent out, and the result was, the rebels had not the slightest intimation of the approach of Lyon, until his batteries hurled their savage missiles among the rebel breakfast-cups. Col. Mulligan says it was related to him as an actual fact, by some of Price's officers who were in that battle, that an officer, while eating his breakfast, was interrupted by the hurried approach of an orderly, telling him to bring up his command, as the enemy were approaching. "Is that official?" exclaimed the officer, swallowing his coffee. The next moment a six-pound shot from one of Captain Totten's guns cut off a sapling near his table. "Well, by ——!" cried the astonished officer, "*that is official!*" and, dropping his breakfast, he ran to order his men.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A member of the Second Connecticut Regiment was an eye-witness of the following affecting incident:

"I captured a prisoner (a German, belonging to the Eighth South Carolina Regiment), and took him to Major Colburn for instructions as how to dispose of him. The prisoner requested one privilege, as his last, which the major very humanely granted. He said his brother lay a short distance off, in a dying condition, and he wished to see him. I bade him lead the way, and I followed. He took me to an old log hut but a few rods from where our regiment was halted. On the north side, in the shade, we found the wounded man. The prisoner spoke to him—he opened his eyes—the film of death had already overspread them, and the tide of life was fast ebbing. He was covered with blood, and the swarms of flies and mosquitoes which were fattening upon his life's blood, indicated that he had lain there for some time. They clasped hands together, muttered a few words in the German language, supplicated the Throne of Grace for their families at home, kissed and bade each other a final adieu, the prisoner remarking, as I took him by the arm to lead him away, for the column was moving: 'Brother, you are dying, and I am a prisoner.' The man was shot by a musket-ball

in the back, just over the hip, from which fact I inferred that he was on the retreat when the deadly ball overtook him."

A BATTLE SCENE.

An artilleryman lay on the bloody field of Bull Run, wounded and nearly exhausted from loss of blood, and too weak to get out of the way of the tramping troops and horses that flitted about him. A mounted horseman came toward him, when he raised the bleeding stumps of both his arms, and cried out; "Don't tread on me, capt'n. See! both hands are gone." The trooper leaped over him, a shell broke near by, and the crushing fragments put the sufferer quickly out of his misery.

"LAY CLOSE."

A rifleman at Bull Run had his piece carried away by a ball, which struck it out of his hands just as his company was in the act of advancing to storm one of the rebel batteries. Unarmed, he sprang forward and threw himself down on his face under the enemy's guns. A Zouave lay there wounded and bleeding, out of the way of the murderous fire. "Lay close—lay close, old boy," said the Zouave; "The boys'll take this ole furnace'n a minnit, and then we'll git up, and give the rebels fits agin!" Three minutes after the battery was carried, and the two soldiers were in the thickest of the fight.

INSCRUTABLE PROVIDENCE.

In the thickest of the contest at Bull Run, a Secession colonel of cavalry was knocked out of his saddle by a ball from one of our riflemen.

"There goes Old Baker of the Georgia First!" shouted a soldier in the hearing of his chaplain.

"Who?" queried the chaplain.

"Colonel Baker of the rebel ranks has just gone to his long home."

"Ah, well," replied the chaplain quietly, "the longer I live, the less cause I have to find fault with the inscrutable acts of Divine Providence."

A STRANGE MEETING.

During the battle of Bull Run, a member of the Seventy-first regiment of New York states that in one of the charges of that regiment upon the enemy's batteries, he met at the point of the bayonet a member of one of the Virginia regiments with whom he had formed intimate relations of friendship while they were at college in New York. Each instantly recognized the other, and, instead of carrying out the work of death, they clasped each other's hands with the exclamation, "God bless you!" and they separated.

A HEROIC ACTION.

At the battle of Bull Run, the paymaster of the Sixteenth regiment, finding that his regiment was one of the reserve, and would not probably come into the action, volunteered to go into the fight, and to assist one of his brothers, who was in the Seventy-first. He rode with lightning speed on a fine steed he took from Staten Island to the scene of battle. After having done good service for several hours, he was approached by two of the enemy's cavalry—one with the sabre raised to hew him down, the other with a pistol elevated for his destruction. Quick as thought, when the first came within twelve feet of him, he fired his revolver with fatal effect to his opponent; the other presented his pistol to his head, and he, in return, his pistol to his breast. They both fired together; the ball of the enemy passed through his cap, and his own ball through the heart, killing both his opponents on the spot. He immediately secured the two horses, on one of which he placed a wounded soldier of the Seventy-first, then lying helpless near by, and told him to ride, which he did, in safety to Washington. The other horse he secured and has now with him in Washington as a trophy. The name of this intrepid and daring officer is Henry D. Townsend, Esq., one of the members of the New York Bar.

AN INCIDENT AT BULL RUN.

A rebel—one of the Georgia regiment—lay with a fearful wound in his side, which tore out several of his ribs. The life-blood of the poor fellow was fast oozing out, when one of our troops dashed forward from out of the melee, and fell, sharply wounded, close beside him. The Georgian recognised his uniform, though he was fatally hurt, and feebly held out his hand. "We came into this battle," he said, "enemies. Let us die friends. Farewell!" He spoke no more, but his companion in disaster took the extended hand, and escaped to relate this touching incident.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

The recovery of the flag of the Second Maine regiment upon the battle-field of Bull Run is represented as an act of great gallantry and noble daring. After two standard-bearers had been shot down, the enemy obtained possession of the flag and bore it away. Instantly the cry arose, "We must have that flag!" and upon the instant Col. Jamieson started up the hill, followed by all his men. The rebels who had the flag turned and made a charge; they were repulsed with heavy loss by the Maine boys, who succeeded in re-taking their flag all covered with the blood of the enemy.

A DYING SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

Among the wounded soldiers of the rebel army taken a prisoner by General McClellan's forces, one who was dying sent for an officer, and told him that "he would find his musket clean and unloaded, and the touch-hole in the cone on which the cap is placed filled with wax," and then with his last breath he prayed for the Union. The gun was examined, and the tale of this sadly-wronged victim of Southern tyranny proved to be true. In like manner, it is supposed, hundreds, if not thousands, of true Union men are enrolled in the army of the secessionists.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.

A little drummer boy was cut completely in two during the retreat from Bull Run by a canister shot, which struck him just under the arms. A piercing "Oh!" emitted in childish treble, the soldiers who were near him say, was a sound that will ring in their ears for life.

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT SOME.

At the battle of Big Bethel the captain of the Foxboro' company gave orders to his men when they saw the flash of the guns in the enemy's battery, to fall instantly on the ground, that the balls might pass over them. One of the company not hearing the order, remained standing when the enemy fired, and seeing his comrades all fall to the ground, was heard to say to himself: "My God, are they all killed! I guess I shall have to fight *some*."

BATTLE INCIDENT.

The following incident was related by a captain, who was in the battle of Springfield, Mo., to the writer:—

He observed one of his men, who was stretched upon the field by a ball that had shattered his leg, raise himself up by the aid of his gun, and hobble a little distance, and appeared to be pounding something in the ground, but what it was the captain could not see. After a little while the captain, thinking that it must be something very unusual to make a man exert himself so when his leg was in a condition to need amputation, went up and asked him what he had been doing. It appears that there was a wounded "Secesh" very near the Yankee, and in very nearly the same condition, but, observing the wounded Union man, he began to taunt him with cowardice, saying, "Ah! you d—d white-livered Yankee! you thought we couldn't fight, didn't you? What do you think now?" This was too much for the loyal Yankee,

and he raised himself by the greatest exertion, managed to reach the traitor, deliberately beat out the brains of the rebel, and then hobbled back and laid down again. The captain went to where the fellow lay, and found that the man had clubbed his gun, and with the stock had smashed the head of the rebel, killing him on the spot.

QUAKER VOLUNTEER.

A good one is told of a Quaker volunteer, who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a rebel, he remarked: "Friend, it's unfortunate, but thee stands just where I am going to shoot," and blazing away, down came Secesh.

THE IRISH BRIGADE IN MISSOURI.

An anecdote of the war in Missouri was thus told by Col. Mulligan in a recent address at Detroit:

"With your permission I will now relate a circumstance which occurred in Missouri. On a pleasant spot, just outside Jefferson City, lay encamped two regiments, over which floated twin banners—banners which will be twin forever—the Harp of Ireland and the Stars and Stripes of America. [Applause.] Under this twin banner lay as gay and rollicking a regiment as you ever met, viz: the Irish Brigade. Instructions came requiring the commander to report at headquarters for orders. These instructions came (to use a military term) 'after tap,' which is a time when civil men should be in bed. [Laughter.] The question was asked, 'When can you march?' 'Immediately,' was the answer. 'Well, I wish you to go to Tipton's relief, cut your way through the enemy, go to Lexington, take it, and hold it.' [Cheers.] The next day saw the Irish Brigade on its way to Lexington. [Cheers.] As we moved along war smoothed his wrinkled brow. The chaplain mixed his admonitions with occasionally chanting a snatch of an Irish melody. The major was a married man, and chanted, 'Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming.' The lieutenant colonel was a married man, and, not to be personal, I was a married man, and followed the major. [Laughter and applause.] Thus we went on, until arriving within two miles of Lexington, where we encamped, and previous to entering the city we washed and brushed up so as to make a respectable appearance. [Laughter.] We went in with our solitary six-pounder muzzled in roses and breeched in evergreens, and, notwithstanding our weary nine days' march, we looked well. [Cheers.] We started with three days' rations, and six days we had to live on the country. We were told to *cut our way* through, but *we left the impress of our teeth far deeper than that of the sword* in the section through which we passed." [Laughter and applause.]

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

A returned member of the Irish Brigade relates an incident in the battle of Lexington, which for graphic interest has seldom been equaled. It also illustrates the matter-of-course manner in which the boys of the brigade went about their savage work. In one company of over eight men, there was a great scarcity of pipes, and the boys had to take turns, smoking the same dilapidated dhudeen alternately. The company was firing by volleys upon the rebels at their intrenchments down on the side hill; Jim kept the pipe in his mouth, and pulled away with great energy while he reloaded his musket. Pat, who was fighting at his side, had not had a smoke. "Give us the pipe, Jim," said Pat. "Wait a bit," said Jim, "ye haven't earned yer tobacker yet," and Jim puffed and blazed away. So did Pat; and as the smoke rolled up between friends and foes he begged again for the pipe. But Jim still clung to the luxurious weed. Presently a bullet whistled by, and knocked the pipe out of Jim's mouth, demolishing it. Pat witnessed the catastrophe, and sat down on the ground in despair. The lieutenant seeing him, demanded what he was doing there. "Faith, sir, the inimy's broke Jim's dhudeen intirely, and there isn't another one in the company;" and the soldier resumed his place in the ranks with a look of unutterable disgust at having to fight without his accustomed smoke.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A party of Secessionists surrounded a church at Dunsburg, Mo., where they thought a Union company was quartered.

"Surrender!" shouted an officer from one side.

"See you d—d first!" was the reply from the other.

For an hour the Secessionists fired into the large windows of the building, and then retired with seven killed and twenty-four wounded. There was some astonishment when the subsequent discovery was made that there was nobody in the building, and the rebels had been shooting each other through the windows.

CLOSE UP.

There is a story of the affair at Phillippa. A certain Indiana company, almost worn out with the march, was straggling along, with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted:

"Close up, boys! close up! If the enemy were to fire on you, when you are straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a man of you. Close up!"

And the boys closed up immediately.

A NOBLE BOY.

Shortly after the main body of the army was in retreat, a charge was made by the enemy's cavalry upon the hospital grounds, at Elgin's Ford, and those around the well, who were procuring water to carry to the wounded. At this time Charles Morris McCook, only seventeen years of age, of Company F, Second Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, the youngest son in the army of Judge Daniel McCook, was also at the well, when his return to his regiment was cut off by a section of the cavalry. He retreated along a line of fence and discharged his musket, killing one of the enemy. He then entered an open field, and was attacked by the leader of the troop, who had been attracted to him by his fatal shot, and commanded to surrender. He replied, "No, never, never to a rebel." He manfully kept the trooper off with his bayonet, his gun being empty. The rebel not being able to take him prisoner, took a course around him and shot him in the back, then approaching the wounded boy, he cried: "Now, damn you, will you surrender?" He replied, "No, never; no, no, never." The father of young McCook, who, with another gallant son, Edwin S. McCook, had been busy all day carrying the wounded from the battle-field to the hospital, discovering the perilous situation of his brave and loyal son, called out, "Young man, surrender." He answered, "No, never, never." The trooper then began striking him with the flat of his sword over the shoulders, saying at the same time that he would pierce him through. His father seeing that his boy was wounded, insisted upon his surrendering, as he had done all that a soldier could do. The noble boy, bleeding, unarmed, and almost helpless, then surrendered. His father approached the commander, and asked for the prisoner to place him in the hospital, offering to hold himself responsible for his safety as a prisoner of war, when the villain replied, "Damn your responsibility; I know you." After some words, the wounded prisoner was reluctantly handed over to be taken to the hospital. The trooper then dashed round the hospital to assist in carrying off Lieutenant Wilson, of the Second New York Regiment, who was then in the hands of a horseman. This dragoon was shot by a stray ball as the trooper came up, and Lieutenant Wilson finding himself free from his captor, drew his revolver and shot his pursuer in the neck, killing him instantly.

A HERO.

Shortly after the battle of Carnifex Ferry, communication was cut off between the federal camps at Elkwater and at Cheat Mountain summit, the rebels holding possession of the road. It was necessary that communication should be re-established between General Reynolds at the former place, and Colonel Kimball at the latter. Several attempts

had been made, but the messengers had been killed in every case. Four had already set out and been picked off.

The whole camp at Elkwater was in danger, and it was necessary to get word to the summit at once, and another young man volunteered, but he too was never heard from after he left the camp. The commanding officer then stated to his men their danger, and called upon some one to again volunteer to perform the duty. Not a man responded in all the camp, until at last one was found in Captain Loomis' Michigan battery.

Henry H. Norrington, of Detroit, offered to peril his life to save the others. He started out and succeeded in eluding the enemy, crawling miles upon his hands and knees, with his message rolled up and in his mouth, ready to swallow in a moment if he was taken, and finally reached the friendly camp. He had also to return, and after receiving his dispatches set out in the night, the whole camp shaking hands with him, never expecting to see him again. He traveled all night, guided by the North star, and the next day crawled as before on his hands and knees.

He finally struck the main road a few miles below Elkwater. Seeing one of the enemy's cavalry horses tied to a stake by the road-side, and the owner not visible, he crept up, cut the rope with his knife, and rode off in hot haste, with several shots whizzing around him. He arrived safely in camp and delivered his dispatches, being the only survivor of six that had attempted the perilous task.

As a reward for his bravery, he was promoted in the company to be chief of a piece, and was placed upon the commanding General's staff as Mounted Orderly. He was presented by the captain of his company with a sword, and by his general with an elegant revolver. He was greeted upon parade with nine cheers by the entire company, and his pay more than doubled. Besides this, favorable mention was made of his feat and the great service he had performed, in the official report forwarded to the Department at Washington.

THE "BULLY" DUTCHMEN.

Col. McCook, of the Ohio troops, made *his* mark at Carnifex Ferry, and inscribed his watchword on the rolls of fame. He was charging up and down the columns, with his hat gone, none knew whither, his face blazing with the light of battle, both arms gesticulating, while he roared: "Forward, my bully Dutchmen, and we'll go over the d—d intrenchments, if we die on the other side!"

ALWAYS READY.

"It was thought no possible feat of physical endurance could equal that 'night march to Phillippa.' We still think it unsurpassed. Col.

Tyler thinks 'what man has done man can do.' He adds five miles to the march, but has no rain. When it was found that there was $30,000 in gold in Weston, likely to be taken by Wise, General McClellan started for Clarksburg, twenty-three miles from Weston, to send Colonel Tyler and his regiment to get the money. Tyler never sleeps, and seems full of the idea that his office is to be no sinecure. He anticipated the order, and parading his men on a highland near the depot at which McClellan was to arrive, he told them to keep an eye on him when the train arrived, and if the word from McClellan was march, he would wave his handkerchief, and they could show Clarksburg their heels. The train arrived, and General McClellan rushed up to Colonel Tyler as he sat on his horse, and asked: 'Colonel Tyler, how soon can you march for Weston?' 'I'll show you soon if you will look yonder;' and, waving his handkerchief, the whole regiment struck a double-quick, and disappeared like the host of Roderick Dhu. Major Casement started with two horses, but in a few hours was tugging away on foot, both his horses loaded with soldiers whose physical strength had given out, and when they entered Weston, both 'Jack' and his horses were loaded with muskets, so as to favor poor exhausted soldiers. We are ready to go our pile on the gallant Seventh Regiment."

A HEROIC ACT.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from the camp near Somerset, Ky., says:

"While we rested, a picket was thrown in advance, and Colonel Connell, with Lieut. Sipher of the artillery, and several other officers, rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and to select a place for a camp. Finding that my horse had cast a shoe, I 'retreated' to a blacksmith's shop a mile in the rear of the regiment, to have it replaced. While there, I heard several shots, but, supposing them to be on the other side of the river, paid no attention to them at the time. I had gone but a little distance on my return to the regiment, when I met a boy making his way quite rapidly toward a place of safety. 'What's the news?' 'Oh! there's a good deal of news! There's going to be a fight in a few minutes. The colonel is killed, and Capt. Ricketts is taken prisoner.' Bad enough news, I thought. The next man informed me that the colonel's horse had come back without his rider, and that Capt. Rippey was either killed or captured. However, when I reached the head of the regiment, I found Col. Connell there disguised quite effectually inside of Capt. Stinchcomb's hat, and Capt. Rippey with his company. But all eyes were turned anxiously up the road which led over a hill toward the Ford. Capt. Ricketts was still

gone, and probably captured. A party of rebel cavalry had ridden suddenly on our little band of officers. Our pickets had for some reason failed to give notice of the enemy's approach, and the horsemen had got within forty yards of Col. C. before he was aware of their coming. He was some distance in advance, Capt. Ricketts and Lieut. Sipher being the only ones of the party near him. As he turned his horse, the enemy fired upon him. After running a short disance, the horse had sprung suddenly to one side, frightened by a stump, the saddle had turned, the girth broken, and the colonel was thrown heavily to the ground. Rising, he had fallen again; a sharp pain in his side, caused by his fall, made him believe he had been wounded. The horrors of capture and the condition of his regiment flashed across his mind. 'For God's sake, Ricketts, take me behind you.' Capt. R. instantly turned, rode back, jumped off his horse—'There, colonel, take him; I have eleven shots, and they can't take me'—and ran for cover. There was no time for protests against such noble generosity. Col. Connell was unarmed and hurt, and so climbing into the saddle, he made his way to us, the rest of his little band accompanying him. Two pistol-shots showed that Capt. Ricketts was determined to sell his life dearly, but all was uncertainty as to his fate. Colonel C., with two or three others, started back to the hill-top to try to learn what had become of him. We stood watching, with beating hearts, but scarcely a whisper. All at once the words passed along the lines: 'There's a man in the woods waving his sword.' All eyes were directed across an intervening field to the skirt of woodland. In a moment a dozen of Rickett's men are over the fence and running across the field. Everybody sees the man now, walking slowly along a fence row. 'Is it the captain?' 'He must be wounded.' Colonel C. and those with him gallop swiftly down the field toward the comer. They meet him. There is a crowding round him. Hats are waved. How his hand must ache with those fervent grasps!

"Some one among us calls: 'Three cheers for Capt. Ricketts.' But there is no response. We are too glad—too grateful for noisy demonstrations. But many a hearty 'thank God' goes out with the deep breath of relieved suspense. Ricketts is safe, and henceforth every man in the regiment is his brother."

INDIANS AT PEA RIDGE.

It is said the Indians in the battle of Pea Ridge, became so excited by the alcohol they had drank, and the scenes that they witnessed, that they turned their weapons upon their own allies, and butchered and scalped the rebels and Federalists with the most charming indifference. An instance of this is given by one of the prisoners, a member of one

of the companies that suffered from what the Southerners believed to be the treachery of the savages.

Four companies of the Arkansas troops belonging to Ben McCulloch's division, were marching up one of the ridges north of Sugar Creek, on Saturday morning, to strengthen the enemy, who were hardly pressed by General Sigel. They soon came in sight of about three hundred Creeks and Choctaws, who stood on the brow of an adjacent hill. When within about one hundred and fifty yards of the savages, the latter opened fire on them. The rebel major who commanded the battalion, cried out to them that they were killing their friends; but the Indians did not heed what he said, and again discharged their pieces.

"The d—d rascals have turned traitors," cried the major. "Upon them, Arkansas, and give them no quarter."

The Southerners needed no second order. They attacked them with great energy, and for nearly an hour a desperate battle was waged on the Ridge; the Indians fighting with blind fury, and scalping all who fell into their hands, whether living, wounded, or dead. This is described as one of the severest actions of the entire battle, and the Indians, who were finally routed, are said to have lost one hundred and twenty-five in killed and wounded.

THE FIELD AT FORT DONELSON.

I was invited on Sunday morning by General McClernand, to take a ride over the battle-field. It would be difficult to describe, in a few words, the scenes which have met my view. The battle-ground was chiefly confined to the space outside the rebel fortifications, extending up the river bank a distance of two miles, to the point where General McClernand's force rallied from the retirement which they were at first forced into by the impetuous charge of the enemy. It must be remembered, that it was here that the grand sortie was made by the rebels, up the river bank, with the intention of turning our right flank and cutting their way out. Some ten or twelve thousand men composed the force sent out for this purpose. They advanced under cover of a deadly fire of artillery, and steadily drove General McClernand's force before them a distance of fifty or sixty rods. Our troops here made a stand, and, being reinforced by one or two regiments, began the assault before which the enemy were forced to retreat. The ground was contested with desperation, and the slaughter on both sides was immense. The whole space of two miles was strewed with dead, who lay in every imaginable shape and form.

Federals and rebels were promiscuously mingled, sometimes grappled in the fierce death-throe, sometimes facing each other as they gave and received the fatal shot or thrust, sometimes lying across one another,

and again heaped in piles which lay six or seven deep. I could imagine nothing more terrible, than the silent indications of agony that marked the features of the pale corpses which lay at every step. Though dead, and rigid in every muscle, they still writhed and seemed to turn to catch the passing breeze for a cooling breath. Staring eyes, gaping mouths, clenched hands, and strangely contracted limbs, seemingly drawn into the smallest compass, as if by a mighty effort to rend asunder some irresistible bond which held them down to the torture of which they died. One sat against a tree, and with mouth and eyes wide open, looked up into the sky, as if to catch a glance at its fleeting spirit. Another clutched the branch of an overhanging tree, and hung half suspended, as in the death pang he raised himself partly from the ground. The other hand grasped his faithful musket, and the compression of the mouth told of the determination which would have been fatal to a foe, had life ebbed a minute later. A third clung with both hands to a bayonet which was buried in the ground, in the act of striking for the heart of a rebel foe. Great numbers lay in heaps, just as the fire of the artillery mowed them down, mangling their forms into an almost undistinguishable mass. Many of our men had evidently fallen victims to the rebel sharpshooters, for they were pierced through the head by rifle bullets, some in the forehead, some in the eyes, others on the bridge of the nose, in the cheeks, and in the mouth. This circumstance verified a statement made to me, by a rebel officer among the prisoners, that their men were trained to shoot low and aim for the face, while ours as a general thing, fired at random, and shot over their heads.

The enemy, in their retreat, carried off their wounded, and a great many of their dead, so that ours far outnumbered them on the field. The scene of action had been mostly in the woods, although there were two open places of an acre or two, where the fight had raged furiously, and the ground was covered with dead. All the way up to their entrenchments the same scene of death was presented. There were two miles of dead strewn thickly, mingled with firearms, artillery, dead horses, and the paraphernalia of the battle-field. It was a scene never to be forgotten—never to be described.

AN INCIDENT AFTER THE SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON.

"Hallo!" cried a cannonier belonging to McAllister's howitzer battery, to a rebel cannonier whom he recognized by something in his apparel. "Hallo! where was your battery stationed?" The Secesh stopped and pointed out the direction. "What! over there?" exclaimed howitzer; "then you must have been the fellows who were popping us so like thunder yesterday. Did you see any little twenty-four pound

shells over your way?" "Well, I reckon we did, and plenty of 'em. Did you throw them?" And the two cannoniers stopped to discuss the relative merits of six pound shot and twenty-four pound shell. "It is strange how well we like a man after we have fought with him!"

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL BUFORD.

General (formerly Colonel) Buford of the 42d Illinois, who was promoted for capturing four horses, three mules, and half-a-dozen flint-lock muskets at Union City, importuned Commodore Foote, day after day, from the commencment of the bombardment of No. 10, for a tug, one of those saucy little steam propellers that are constantly frisking around from boat to boat, and obliging everybody. The Commodore put him off from time to time, until one morning, when he learned that the President had sent in the Colonel's name to the Senate as a proper person to wear a star. Soon afterward the Colonel came aboard, when the Commodore congratulated him on his good fortune.

"What is that?" asked the Colonel, who had not heard of his promotion.

"Why, you have been nominated a Brigadier-General," replied the Commodore.

"Ah! then, Commodore," said the incorrigible Colonel, "*I must have my tug.*"

The Commodore had but one resource, and that was to grant his request, which he did. For a fortnight the Colonel was happy with his tug, which puffed and screamed around at a fearful rate. But, alas! how uncertain is sublunary bliss! Night before last the little *Mercury* caught fire and was destroyed. It is needless to add that the Colonel is inconsolable at his loss, and has resolved never to set his heart on anything again.

A NEGRO'S ACCOUNT OF THE WILDCAT RETREAT.

A gentleman whose slave accompanied a young Confederate officer, on the Wildcat expedition, asked the darkey, on his return to Nashville, how long the army was on the march from its encampment to the battle-field. "About four days," was the reply. "Well, how long were they in marching back?" "About two days, massa." "Why, how is that, Joe? Could the men travel any faster back, when they were broken down with four days' march and a severe fight, than they traveled forward, after a good rest in camp?" "Oh, I'll tell you what made the difference, massa," said old Joe; "it was the music. They marched toward Wildcat to the tune of Dixie. When they marched back, the tune was, "Fire in the mountains—run, boys, run?"

A HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT.

A correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, writing from Island No. 10, gives the following account of a gallant achievement by Lieutenant Allen, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois Regiment:

"In a former letter, I wrote of a contemplated attempt on the part of Lieutenant Allen, of Company C, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, to spike the guns of the upper rebel fort at this place, christened, we have been informed, Fort Polk. This bold task was undertaken on Friday night last, when the lieutenant, in company with four other men, dropped down in a skiff, and discovered a large body of rebels at work constructing platforms for supporting their cannon. The lieutenant resolved not to be totally disappointed, and, landing, very coolly approached a sentinel, who was pacing a parapet at the lower extremity of the fort, and, representing himself as a brother rebel, remarked, 'I will relieve you from duty now, sir.' The rebel guard, wearied and thankful, moved off to his quarters, when the lieutenant spiked the 64-pounder at the lower part of the fort, which was served with such accuracy against us on last Monday. The proximity of the laboring rebels would not suffer him to prosecute any further a work which had already proven him a daring officer."

COL. JOHNSON AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Col. Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth Illinois Regiment, was placed in command of a brigade on Monday morning by Gen. McClernand. The brigade was ordered to charge the right, and left thrown forward. In the movement three of the rebel officers were caught in a trap, and in endeavoring to effect their escape were discovered by Col. Johnson. He had but one load left in his revolver, but put spurs to his horse, and rode diagonally across the open space. When within pistol shot he fired, and one of the officers, a major, fell forward in his saddle. The colonel thought he was "playing Indian," and made up his mind to bring him from the saddle, or lose his arm in the attempt. When the horses came together, both running, the colonel grabbed him, and, to his astonishment, brought off the whole top of his head. The gentleman had worn a wig. The rebel major fell from his saddle mortally wounded. Col. Johnson has what he at first supposed to be a scalp upon exhibition in his "boudoir."

GEN. NELSON ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH.

Shortly after the renewal of the fight at Shiloh on Monday morning, Gen. Nelson was to be seen wherever the danger was the greatest, encouraging and leading forward his warriors. At one point, wishing to make a charge upon the enemy, the fat general dismounted from his

horse, stripped off his coat, seized a musket in hand, and placing himself before his troops, exclaimed, "Come, boys, follow me; if they can't hit me they can't hit a barn." The boys all rushed forward with a cheer, and drove the enemy from their position, which, being quite a commanding one, proved to be one of the greatest achievements of the day. The fat knight showed his prowess on the field of Shiloh, and proved himself a man-of-war in every sense of the word, making good his assertion of the previous night, "that he would, in the morning, show them some man-of-war fighting."

The boys all now look upon him as quite a brick, and having every confidence in his abilities, they are ready and willing to follow him to the further end of Secessiondom. Their war-cry now is, "Bully for old Nelson!"

THE DUTCHMAN'S TEST.

A Western correspondent relates a Teutonic incident connected with the battle at Mill Springs, as follows:

A soldier had discovered a barrel which proved to contain apple brandy. Pulling out the corn cob from the bunghole, I turned it up, and filled a canteen. While doing this, one of Bob McCook's skirmishers came in, and says:

"Vot you eets there?"

I replied that it appeared to be pretty fair apple brandy, upon which the Dutchman ran to the door, calling out, furiously:

"Hans! Henrick! schnapps! see, com a rous!"

Upon which a dozen Dutchmen came in, and the brandy which was not spilled upon the ground was soon transferred to their canteens.

I said—"Boys, you had better look out—this is a doctor's shop, and there may be strychnine in that brandy."

They paused a moment to look at each other, when one of them exclaimed—

"Py Got, Hans, I tells you vot I do; I trinks some, and if it don't kill me, den you trinks."

Upon which he took a long and hearty pull at his canteen, and smacking his lips a moment, said: "All right, Hans, go ahead."

"PLUMB NIGH LIKE PREACHIN'."

There is a good story going the rounds at Fortress Monroe concerning a certain general, who is pious enough in creed, but on certain occasions, when his "dander" is up, can do full justice to his feelings by "giving them mouth." When the *Merrimac* came down, the general was all motion; he was highly excited, and now and then he eased his feelings by certain forcible ejaculations. A contraband, who heard him,

gives a very good description of how the white-haired old man moved about in the midst of the storm of shells. "By golly, boss," said he, "but de way dat old mass' gin'ral moved about dat day war a caution. He went dis way and dat way; he went hea' and he went dar; but to hab hearn de old mass' gin'ral swar! Boss, it's de solemn truf, dat de way de old gin'ral swar *was plumb nigh like preachin'!*"

INCIDENT OF THE ADVANCE ON NORFOLK.

The brave Colonel Weiss, of the 20th, N. Y. S. V., who had done all the hard work of the day, insisted that his regiment was not weary; and that, as they were the first to advance upon land, they should have the right to be first in Norfolk. He made the request, which was granted by the commanding general.

"Who is that grotesquely dressed officer, in command of the New York Twentieth?" asked Sec. Chase, who had observed him closely during the day, of General Wool.

"It is Lieutenant Colonel Weiss," replied the general.

"No, sir," said Mr. Chase, "it is *Colonel* Weiss. He has earned the title, and shall have it."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The venerable mother—nearly, if not quite, four-score—of one who recently fell bravely leading on his troops in battle, gazed calmly upon the face of her son, after his body was brought home for burial. At last a movement was made by a friend to cover the face. The noble woman put him gently aside, and carefully performing the act herself, said: "My son, I have covered you many times before; now I do it for the last time, and with the flag of your country."

"AN EXCELLENT HOUSE FOR A HOSPITAL."

A few days ago, as General Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine, large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him, and cried, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The general reined his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and, surveying the fine house from top to bottom with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W. was politely requested to take kind care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

One of the rebel officers taken prisoner at Fairfax was taken to task by another secessionist because he failed to make a bold fight. The prisoner defended his conduct with the petulant ejaculation:—

"How the deuce could I? The first thing I knowed, one of them d—d horsemen rode up to me and knocked my sword out of my hand, and grabbed me by the hair, and jerked me up before him, and rode right off. I couldn't help myself."

The statement was deemed satisfactory, and all the Dixieites joined in a protest against that mode of fighting.

THE SWINDLED MARKET MAN.

A market man at B——, a few days since, was swindled out of his vegetables, which had a tendency to excite his ire to a considerable extent. He told the commanding officer there that if the angel Gabriel stopped at B——, there would be no resurrection.

"Why?" asked the officer.

"Because the people would swindle him out of his horn before he had time to make a single toot."

AN ENRAGED SOLDIER.

One of the Ohio volunteers, who had just come in from the battle of Bull Run, was being spoken to concerning it, when a Washingtonian remarked that the soldiers who had come in must be cowards, or they would not have run away. The Ohio soldier overheard him, and immediately drew a pistol, walked up to the person, and told him to "unsay what he had said, or he would shoot him on the spot." The man hesitated, and the soldier said, "Are we, after fighting for hours in front of batteries, to be called cowards because we were ordered to retreat?" and again threatened to blow the man's brains out on the spot, if he did not at once apologize. This the man did, and so saved his life.

"A SHELLING OUT."

After the fall of Port Royal quite a number of "contrabands" came into camp, and they gave some ludicrous, and some terrific accounts of the "shelling out" the "navy boys" gave the Palmetto fellows. One of them says "de Georgy fellows run fust, den de Sout Carlina bosses run like de debble, and de Dutch went after dem, and none of dem eber dun come back agin." Another states that he had come up with some sweet a tates for de offisa bosses, and had stayed till de place got so mixed up he could hardly see his way out, and on

being asked how it looked when the storm of shells was hailing on the fort and island, he said it looked "jes like if de fire and de brimstone war a comin down, and de airth war a gwine up," and we don't doubt that it looked "jes so" to more than one poor fellow on that hot Thursday noon.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

During the stay of the Union army in the vicinity of Washington, one of our captains was killed by a rebel soldier, a good marksman, and well known to our sharpshooters, and they determined to have him. So, one day, while on picket duty, he was discovered skulking along at some distance, and it was arranged that all our men but one, a sharpshooter named Strow, should retreat slowly, leaving him concealed behind a tree. As they expected, the rebel marksman followed, and when an opportunity occurred fired upon the retreating force, and at the same instant was shot through the heart by the concealed sharpshooter. This was in the brigade of Gen. Smith, who has since obtained part of the regiment of sharpshooters to accompany his advance.

While this detachment was marching through the camp, in front of the general's headquarters, a soldier discharged his piece. As it was contrary to orders, he was arrested and brought up before the general.

"Did you fire that shot?" asked Gen. Smith.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you fire?"

"I was tempted, sir."

"What tempted you?"

"That little rascal," said the sharpshooter, pulling a fine fat gray squirrel out from under his coat tail; "he tempted me. He ran up the tree and laid his head saucily over the crotch of a limb, and stuck up his tail as if to dare me, and I couldn't stand it, so I fired.

And sure enough, he had taken off the squirrel's head as neatly as possible.

"Are you the fellow who shot the rebel that killed my captain?" asked General Smith, with a smile.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go to your quarters."

A "CONTRABAND."

One of the Pike County boys at Louisiana, Mo., found an old darkey in the woods who had heard that secession property was to be confiscated, and therefore commenced by executing the order upon himself. He surrendered to the invader, and gave a history of himself, concluded by saying:

"Gorra! massa. I'll brack your boots, brush your clothes, bring your water—do anything you want me, if you'll only confiscate the old 'oman."

A HIT AT RED TAPE.

The following story is a good hit at that great worm of official presumption, vanity and circumlocution, known as Red Tape.

An unsophisticated darkey waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of $1.15, for washing done at the camp hospital, which, after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity.

"This bill," said the military gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant-General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War, for his approval. The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of State, who will approve of it and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasurer, who will at once dispatch an order to the Collector of this Port to pay the bill.

The darkey relieved himself of a long-drawn sigh.

"Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gemblam you spoke of pays for de washing, does he?"

"No," continued the other, "he should hand it to the Quartermaster; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be selected by somebody for that purpose, who must be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Colonel, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him; he will examine your bill, and if correct he will pay it, you giving your receipt."

The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said:

"I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide; but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu."

A BAD BLUNDER.

At a late military dinner, one of the visitors proposed a toast: "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country, never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word "distress" completely changed the sentiment, and caused much merriment by the blunder.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH.

General McClellan having asked one of the soldiers at Washington if he remembered the Sabbath day, the lad replied that he remembered one at Bull Run very well, and thought he should never forget it. The General did not ask him whether he "remembered to keep it holy."

A MARTIAL YOUTH.

A six-year-old Boston boy, who had become deeply imbued with the martial spirit, undertook to act as commander of a miniature company, in a New Hampshire town where he was spending his vacation. He somewhat "astonished the natives" by the following order, given in a very excited tone: "Company! Enemy coming! Forward march! Amen!"

HARD FARE.

A letter writer says: "To-day the Colonel ordered an inspection of some hard bread or army crackers to be made, which resulted in condemning forty-six barrels out of fifty. The crackers we eat are stamped 1810, and the boys say they have seen several marked 'B. C.'"

FRIEND AGAINST FRIEND.

Commodore Paulding and the rebel Commodore Tatnall were intimate friends. While the United States government was allowing officers to resign, the two had a long interview, in which Paulding exhausted every argument to induce Tatnall to serve his country. It was all in vain. At the close of the conference Tatnall put the question:

"What will you do if we meet?"

"I will shoot you," was the prompt and energetic answer.

A LONG RETREAT.

One of the Fire Zouaves, who had been in the battle of Bull Run and vamosed very soon thereafter, was recognized near Washington Market, in this city, a day or two ago. "What the devil are you doing here?" asked the acquaintance, when he recognized him. "Got leave of absence?" "No!" thundered the Zouave. "I got the word to 'fall back,' at Bull Run, and nobody has told me to 'halt,' so I have kept on retreatin' ever since, and got away here!" Who says *that* Fire Zouave is not under thorough discipline?

A HORSE CASE.

In the Superior Court a "horse case" lately occupied the attention of the bench for a rather extended period, and one point seemed to

specially puzzle the mind of justice. The horse had been sold under a warranty of "soundness," which fact was disputed, but still it was urged by the defence that the animal was very valuable as "a military horse."

"What constitutes a good military horse, sir?" asked the judge, of a witness.

"Well, your honor," he replied, "if I was going to sell a horse to General Butler, for instance, I should think a horse like this 'ere one, that is wall-eyed on one side and squint the other, would be just the thing!"

Those present who were familiar with the gallant General's personal appearance, "thought they saw it," but the Court couldn't, and fined the witness for contempt.

HOW TO LOSE A WIFE.

A young gentleman in Indiana, being both engaged to be married and enlisted in a rifle company, chose to forego the latter duty, which, coming to the ears of the expectant bride an hour before the time fixed for the wedding, provoked the following note:—

"Sir:—I am constrained to say, that while as a wife I should have mourned your absence on the battle-field, I am no less pained at your want of manhood in backing out. I am apprehensive that after enlisting in *my* company you might serve me in the same way. The bearer will deliver you your notes and sundry presents. For your kindness to me I am doubly grateful, and I trust you will always esteem me as your friend. I can be nothing more. J."

THE *Left* TENANT.

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying the rent. "Oh! you mean the *left-tenant*," replied Frank Matthews.

"WILD BEASTS."

When the much talked of and much abused Fire Zouaves arrived at Fortress Monroe, after their reorganization at New York, rather an amusing incident occurred. As is usually the case whenever any vessel approaches, the sergeant of the dock-guard reported that the steamer *Octorara* was coming up. This steamer generally carried cattle from Fortress Monroe to a camp near by, and the quartermaster of the post notified his men to go down on the dock and take their ropes with them. When the boat neared, the fire-boys looked with amazement on these proceedings, and one of them ventured to remark, "Why, my

God, you aint agoin' to hang us right away, are ye?" The provost-marshal, who, with all present, heartily enjoyed the frolic, said, "Oh, no, you needn't be afraid, we only thought there were some wild beasts on board." "Well," was the answer from on board, "there are some."

PAT AND THE SECESSIONIST.

The following dialogue actually took place between a lieutenant, late of the United States Texan army, and an Irishman, one of the privates, now at Carlisle, then Fort Bliss.

Officer—"Well, Pat, ain't you going to follow the general (Twiggs)?"

Pat—"If General Scott orders us to follow him, sir, begor Toby (Pat's horse) can gallop as well as the rest of 'em."

Officer—"I mean won't you leave the abolition army, and join the free south?"

Pat—"Begor, I never enlisted in the abolition army, and never will. I agreed to serve Uncle Sam for five years, and the divil a pin-mark was made in the contract with my consent, ever since. When my time is up if the army isn't the same as it is now, I won't join it again."

Officer—"Pat, the 'Second' (cavalry) was just eighteen months old when you and I joined. The man who raised our gallant regiment is now a Southern president; the man who so lately commanded it is now a Southern general. Can you remain in it when they are gone?"

Pat—"Well, you see the fact of the matter is, Lieutenant C——, I ain't much of a scholar; I can't argue the question with you. But what would my mother say if I deserted my colors? Oh the devil of a give will I ever give in; now that's the end of it. I tried to run away once, a few weeks after enlisting, but a man wouldn't be missed then. Its quite different, now, lieutenant, and I'm not going to disgrace either of my countries."

Officer—"Do you know that you have to fire on green Irish colors in Southern ranks?"

Pat—"And won't you have to fire on them colors (pointing to the flag on Fort Bliss), that yourself and five of us licked nineteen rangers under? Sure it isn't a greater shame for an Irishman to fire on Irish colors, than for an American to fire on American colors. And the oath'll be on my side, you know, lieutenant."

Officer—"D—n the man that relies on Paddies, I say."

Pat—"The same compliments to deserters, your honor."

THE HOME GUARD.

Mr. Sparrowgrass says that he belongs to the Home Guard of Yonkers, and one of the rules of the company is that it shall not leave Yonkers, except in case of invasion.

CALLING THE ROLL.

In one of our military companies the other day, an Irish captain called out to his men: "Attention company! The orderly serjeant will now proceed to call the roll of the absint members, and see how many of them are prisint!"

"DODGING."

On the return of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. regiment, as it passed through Philadelphia, one of the men being asked what he thought of Southern courage as shown in the late battle, answered: Av that, sir, we could say nothin' in the world; for in the whole action not above a hundred did we see! They wos a dodgin' in and out of the timber, and there wor no come out in them!"

HOW TO RETREAT.

The regular army officers at Washington, complain of the neglect to instruct our volunteers to retreat in order. "Order the d—l," remarked one of the militia colonels, "what order does a fellow want when he sees that he is going to be cut to pieces, and ain't got no chance to do nothin' but run.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The chaplain came at last to a cot set somewhat by itself outside the wards. Here, reclining at length, was a young man, whose face bore slight traces of suffering. It was flushed with a hue like that of health; the eyes were undimmed, and only the position of his hands, which were thrown over his head, and locked in almost spasmodic tightness, told that he was in pain. He was unusually noble in countenance. His brow was broad and fair, and the thick locks that clustered back from the temples curled like the ringlets of a boy. He knew not why, but the chaplain experienced an unusual and sudden sympathy for this young man, struck down in his beauty; still he felt there was no immediate danger in his case.

"How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as the two approached the bed softly.

"In the right side, below the ribs," was the reply.

"Is he in danger?"

"O, no; that is, not at present. The case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well now. Charles," he added, addressing the sick man familiarly, "the chaplain is going the rounds; would you like to see him?"

"O, certainly!" exclaimed the young man, smiling. "I am very

glad to see him;" and he held out his hand. His voice was strong and ringing, as with the highest health; his clasp was vigorous.

"I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend," said the chaplain.

"Oh, only the casuality of war; we must some of us expect it, you know."

"Do you suffer much?"

"At times, sir, very severely; I feel so well, only the distress here;" and he pressed his hand to his side.

"You will be up soon, I hope."

"I trust so, sir; the doctors say it is a bad wound, but will yield with care. I only wish I had my mother here. She has heard of it, and, doubtless, started before this. It will seem so comfortable to see her; you don't know how I long for her."

Ah! mothers, you are first thought of when the hardy soldier feels the pang of pain. It is your name he calls, your form he sees through the mist of delirium, your voice he hears in every gentle word that is spoken. He knows whose touch will be tenderest, through the sympathy of suffering, he knows who has borne the most for him; and on the tented field the holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of love and beauty.

"I can imagine how you feel," said the chaplain, "and I have no doubt you will see her soon. Meanwhile, you know there is a Friend who will be to you more than mother or father, sister or brother."

"I realize that, sir," said the young man; "I am a professor of religion, and have been for years. When I was shot, ay, and before, I commended my soul to Him for life or death; but I confess I have much to live for. I am not brought yet where I am perfectly willing to die."

"It may be for the reason that you are not yet called to die," replied the chaplain; "but in life, you know, it is the one important thing to be prepared for death."

After a short prayer, the minister and the sick man parted. "He seems very strong and sanguine," he said, as he met the surgeon again, "and likely to recover."

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt," was the hasty reply of the surgeon, as he passed on.

The hour of midnight had struck from the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it knelled the departing moments, and its echo rolled through the halls, vibrating on many an ear that would never hear the sound of the striking hours again. The chaplain still sat up in his own room, writing letters for three or four of the wounded soldiers, and a strange stillness fell around him, as he closed the last sheet and sat back with

folded hands to think. He could not tell why, but do what and go where he would, the face of the young volunteer, with whom he had spoken last, haunted him. He arose to move to the window, where the breeze was cooler, when a knock was heard at the door, and a rapid voice called "Chaplain?" He hurried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the dim moonlight that crept into the passage.

"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and more sorry still to give you an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Why, what is it?" was the quick rejoinder.

"The fine young fellow whom you talked with is going."

"What, you do not mean"——

"Won't live an hour or two at the most. I tried to tell him, but I couldn't; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it, you know."

A great shadow fell on the chaplain; for a moment he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he made reply.

"It is a sad errand, but none the less my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, indeed I cannot. His voice was so strong; his manner so natural! I'll be there presently." And left alone, he threw himself upon his knees to wrestle for strength in prayer.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the strugglers with pain and disease. Going softly up to the couch at which he had stood before, the chaplain gazed upon the face before him. It looked as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, his eyes flew open, and rested in some surprise upon the chaplain.

"I felt as if I must see you again before I retired," said the latter, striving to steady his voice. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh, better, I thank you; in fact almost well. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. I rather think the surgeon does, though he said nothing."

Again that fearful swelling in the chaplain's throat. How should he tell him of his danger—how prepare the mind so calmly resting on almost a certainty—the poor hopeful soul that would never look with earthly eyes on the mother he so longed for? Another moment, and the young man appeared to be struck with some peculiarity in the face or movements of the chaplain. The large eyes sought his with an intenseness that was pain, and he strove to interpret that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

"Your cares weary you, chaplain," he said, quietly; "you must be very faithful, for it is past midnight."

"I was on the point of going to bed, when I was called to prepare a dying man for his last hour," was the tearful response.

"Indeed! what poor fellow goes next?" rejoined the young man, with a look of mournful inquiry.

There was no answer; for the wealth of the world the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger; that eye so full of sympathy! Still a strange silence! What did it mean? The sick man's inquiring glance changed for a moment to one of intense terror. He raised both arms—let them fall heavily upon the coverlet at his side, and in a voice totally altered by emotion, he gasped—

"Great Heaven! you mean me."

"My dear friend!" said the chaplain, unmanned.

"I am to die, then—and—how—long?" His eyes once more sought that of his chaplain.

"You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will, he will carry you over the river."

"Yes; but this is awfully sudden! awfully sudden!"—his lips quivered; he looked up grievingly—"and I shall not see my mother!"

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steadier, and when the eyes were opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from Heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain. "The bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her, but if God will permit me I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father I am glad he gave me his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him that I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul; and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray for me?"

Oh! what emotions swelled the heart of that devoted man, as he kneeled by the bedside of that dying volunteer, the young soldier of Christ; and with tones so low that only the ear of God and that of him who was passing away could hear, besought God's grace and presence. Never in all his experience had his heart been so powerfully wrought upon; never had a feeling of such unutterable tenderness

taken possession of his soul. He seemed already in the presence of a glorified spirit; and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs, he bent down, and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So, perhaps, thought the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said, "Thank you! I won't trouble you any longer; you are wearied out—go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you!" was the fervent response.

"Amen!" trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room. There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door; encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word—

"Gone!"

Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

COLONEL JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Col. Garfield, who was the hero of the defeat of Humphrey Marshall, is a native of Massachusetts, and has been a Methodist preacher. As such, he was settled at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, and became president of the college at that place. He is a man who stands five feet nine inches in his boots, with yellowish white hair like that of Horace Greeley, and his friends have claimed for him the distinction of being the strongest man, physically, in the United States. The following anecdote is related of him:

At one of his out-door religious meetings, while he was eloquently portraying the patience of Job, a big two-fisted rowdy, who had long been the terror of the county, and had broken up a number of meetings, leaped into the circle of weeping Christians, and, with a wild Indian war-whoop, exclaimed:

"I'm ready for a fight! If yer white-headed minister is so mighty strong as yer talk of, let him jump his length into the old hyena!"

Without evincing the slightest anger, Mr. Garfield exclaimed:

"Yes, my friends, Job was a pattern of patience, and yet if he were here at the present moment, I doubt not he would do as I am about to;" and walking up to the bully, with a movement almost as quick as lightning, he turned him half way round, knocked off his cap, and, grasping him by the hair, hoisted him at arm's length from the ground as if he had been an infant. The fellow being a coward—as all rowdies are—was almost frightened to death, and screamed out in the most frantic

manner, "Let go my har! For God's sake, let go! I'll never trouble you again. Let go my har!"

After making the fellow promise to occupy a front seat during the rest of the meeting, Mr. Garfield let him "drap." It is needless to say that out-door meetings in that section were never afterwards disturbed if Rev. Mr. Garfield was the clergyman present.

THE NEW CONNECTICUT NUTMEGS.

A good anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with a rebel, after the capture of Fort Pulaski, the latter said: "At least, with all our faults, we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied: "We do not make them of wood any longer;" and, pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added, quietly: "We make them now of iron." Secesh subsided.

"MISS" *vs.* MRS.

Out of sixty-eight thousand letters sent off by one Massachusetts regiment in Maryland, since its departure from home, twenty-six thousand were addressed "Miss," and twenty-one thousand "Mrs." So says a letter-writer, who adds: "The figures show that the females receive much the largest share of attention, and this is just as it should be. It is rather significant of the material of the Thirteenth, that 'Miss' receives so large a share of its letter-writing patronage. All right, of course."

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.

It is stated that Capt. Slaymaker, of the Iowa Second, and formerly of York county, Pa., came to his death at the battle of Fort Donelson in a singular manner. A bullet struck his pocket-knife in his left pocket, shivered it to pieces, and drove the blade into his body, so that it, and not the bullet, severed the artery, the rupture of which caused his death. Pieces of the knife were found in his wallet.

AN INQUISITIVE OLD LADY.

A member of the Twelfth Kentucky Regiment, bearing the honorable name of "Daniel Boone," wishing to obtain something for the inner man, repaired to a house near the camp, inquired of the lady of the mansion if he could be favored with a little soft bread, he having been sick, and required something better than crackers. The old lady, although of secesh proclivities, told Dan to sit down, that the girls would soon have some biscuits baked, and he should have some. While waiting for the biscuits, the old lady entered into conversation with

Dan, inquiring about the war, and the intentions of the army now here, and the prospects of the future. Among other remarks, she mentioned that there were a great many Union troops on their way South, and inquired if the North had not almost run out of soldiers. "What, madam!" says Dan, rising to his feet, and speaking with enthusiasm, "Ohio and Kentucky have had twins ninety times, and these now here are but the first litter!" The old lady inquired no further; the negro girl brought in the biscuits, Dan was supplied, and returned to his quarters with a thankful heart.

DRUMMER BOY OF MARBLEHEAD.*

The whole city was wild with triumph at the victories of Fort Donelson and Roanoke. Cheer after cheer went up from the Exchange, and people were almost momentarily jostling each other in the thronged streets, and instead of begging pardon, would burst into a shout for the old flag. Woman that I am, as I hurried home in the twilight of that glorious day, I had to hold my muff close to my mouth to prevent my voice from swelling the great thanksgiving. Turning the corner of my own street, I was astonished to see that my parlor was brilliantly lighted, and, through the thin curtains, I likewise saw figures moving rapidly. I ran up the steps, and soon discovered the reason, for, as I opened the door, all my own children and several of my neighbors' rushed, with a great sweep, into the hall, and, for a moment, I was nearly stunned with their cheers for the fort, the soldiers, the Stars and Stripes, etc. At last, at the volley for the gunboats, they stopped from sheer exhaustion, and I asked, very meekly, "What in the world are you down in the parlors for?"

"Well, mother," gasped Will, "we wanted to play we were gunboats, and the nursery wasn't big enough. See me now; I am going to run up within four hundred yards of the guns of the fort," and, with a yell like a wild Indian's, he brandished a cane and made a charge at a book-case, coming within an inch of smashing my Dante and Beatrice. I winced, but did not scold them, only enticed them into the less-crowded dining-room, where we played gunboats, and cheered until their father, coming home to tea, rather shocked us by saying gravely that he thought he should have to send us all to the watch-house. Many incidents of the battles he told the eager children, as we took our tea, and just before their bedtime, as they stood around him for the customary story, he told them the one I shall try to tell you.

"You all know," said their father, "how, last April, the Massachusetts troops were attacked and murdered in the streets of Baltimore,

* "We have the assurance that this story is literally true."—Editors New York *Independent.*

and how the whole heart of New England thrilled to avenge their death. There was a young boy of Marblehead, only fifteen years old, Albert Mansur by name, who came from school on that day wild with indignation, and told his mother that he was going to the war; he couldn't stay at home. 'Why, Albert,' laughed his happy mother, 'they won't have you; you are too little, my boy.' 'I can drum, can't I, mother? I guess those old rebels will run when they hear me play Star-Spangled Banner,' and out he went, and his mother heard him playing the smart old tune as he marched down the street at the head of a tatterdemalion set of urchins, called by him his regiment. He had a gift for drumming, and, thinking of his words, that mother's heart stood still with fear. He was her only child, her handsome boy; how could she let him go? But she scolded herself for thinking of it. Of course his father would keep him at home. At dinner-time Albert attacked his father on the subject, but his father peremptorily answered, "No," and told him there must be no more talk on the matter. Usually his father's decision settled things, but this time Albert argued manfully. He could do just as good service as anybody; he ought to go; he must go; but Mr. Mansur was firm, and he had to yield, although the struggle was so severe that he grew pale and thin. At last, to divert his attention, they sent him to his grandfather's in Augusta, and fervently hoped he would forget his fancy. But when he arrived there he found a regiment all ready to go into camp a short way from the city. He accompanied them as drummer. His father and mother, as the weeks went by, became impatient, and at last went for him. As they rode through the streets, almost the first person they saw was Albert, marching in a fine new uniform, with this same company, who were on their way to the station. He had kept his promise to them, that is, he had not enlisted, but they felt from that day that they must let him go. He went home with them, and after a few weeks they gave him up, and he enlisted in the Massachusetts Twenty-third, Col. Kurtz, as drummer for one of the companies, being the youngest in the regiment. Dear little ones, I can never tell you how his mother felt—how his father, in his bitter grief, prayed—how many hot tears stained the few articles he could carry—and then, almost as sorrowfully as to his burial, they went to see him start. That day the poor parents talked long together, then the father went out, and while he was gone the pale mother knelt, with her face hidden, asking for strength and patience. When he came in, Albert knew that he should not go alone; his father had enlisted as private in the same company, so as to take care of that idolized boy. They sailed in the Burnside Expedition, and on all that long, dreary passage, Albert was the light and joy of his regiment, and, indeed, of all the regiments on the vessel. So full of

hope and enthusiasm was he, that his father wrote his mother, "all the petting he got did not seem to hurt him a bit." Officers and men delighted to do him favors; and his prompt, saucy drumming won praise from the gallant commander himself.

When the hazardous work of landing began, Albert managed to be in one of the first boats, and was consequently among the first to stand on the enemy's island of Roanoke—theirs then, ours now, thanks be to God. In that march, through slime and water, he did his part well, not allowing his father to touch his cherished drum for an instant. At last they came in sight of the enemy's battery. "Who will go and take it?" asked the general commanding. "The Massachusetts Twenty-third," was the quick reply. "Forward, then, double-quick!" and in the teeth of that galling fire they rushed to their death as if it had been their bridal. Albert slung his drum over his shoulder, and seizing a rifle from a wounded man near, dealt true shots for his country. His father fell wounded by his side, but he heeded him not, his whole soul had lost itself in the work before him. "Look at that child," said one officer to another; "no wonder we conquer, when boys fight so." At last the position was ours; the rebel gunners turned and fled, and for an instant the roar of the battle ceased. So intent was Albert that he never stopped, and was loading again, when the Colonel touched his shoulder. "Wait, rest a minute, my young hero—don't you see they are running?" "Oh, glory hallelujah!" sang out the excited boy; "didn't I say they should run to the old tunes?" and seizing a disabled revolver for a drumstick he struck up, in a wondrously defiant way, our impudent old strain of Yankee Doodle. It was a strange sound, as it rang out over that field of death, and, faint and weary as our brave fellows were, they gave it a rousing welcome. A flying rebel heard it, and, looking back, took sure aim at Albert. A man near the boy saw him, and tried to pull Albert down, but he stood his ground, and the ball did not fail to do its deadly work.

"Oh, father!" burst from the tearful children; "not killed, was he?"

They thought him only stunned at first, and bore him out of the crowd; they bathed his brow; and you will love his knightly colonel none the less when I tell you that his strong arms held the dying boy. His pale lips moved at last, and they bent eagerly to hear his words. Some inquiry for his missing father, some last precious words for his lonely mother?" Tears ran like rain down the blackened faces, and one in a voice husky with sobs, "Well, Albert, the field is ours." The ears death had already deadened caught no sound, and his slight hand fluttered impatiently as again he gasped, "What, tell quick?" "We beat 'em intirely, me boy," said a big Irish sergeant, who was crying like a baby. He heard, then, and his voice was as strong and bright

as ever, as he answered, "Why don't you go after 'em? Don't mind me, I'll catch up—I'm a little cold, but running will warm me." He never spoke again, the coldness of death stiffened his limbs, and so he passed from the victory of earth to the God who gave us the victory. They laid him down tenderly, with his head resting on a smooth green sod, and as his wounded father crawled up to see him, they feared a wild scene of lamentation, but he only said, "He would rather die than had us beaten." He was urged to go home with Albert to his mother, but he would not, only saying to their solicitations, "Albert would be ashamed if I did, and I will fight for him as long as the war lasts."

The children did not play gunboat any more, but went quietly up to bed, and when Nellie said her prayers, she added, in simple childish words, a hope that "God would make Albert's mother willing he should be dead, and that God would tell her how Nellie loved her;" and here the tender little heart broke down—but Will said, "God knew just as well as if she said it all," and I think he did.

STRANGE FISH.

Lately, a couple of speculative individuals sent a small schooner up James river, near Yorktown, with a cargo of supplies and articles to suit the wants of the Union boys there; and anchored near the landing so lately occupied by rebel craft, which had skedaddled incontinently upon the approach of our gunboats. After disposing of their cargo and attempting to take in anchor, they found a rope attached to it which was connected to and brought up to view a barrel of mysterious appearance. After carefully cutting into it, to provide against exploding a disguised torpedo or infernal machine, it was found to contain six dozen bottles of whiskey; and pulling in more rope, another barrel of the same sort was found, and yet another, till ten barrels containing seven hundred and twenty bottles of Secesh whiskey was fished up; worth to the lucky fishers not less than fifteen hundred dollars.

A SCENE AT THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

On the arrival of a portion of General Butler's troops in front of New Orleans, they were received by a crowd of spectators, who cast sullen glances at the vessels, and conversed only in whispers. As the steamer bearing the Federal troops neared the levee, a line was thrown to the crowd and one man was about to make it fast to a pile, when he was seized by several persons and compelled to drop it. A small boat was then sent ashore with the line, which was made fast, and the steamer was soon brought up to the landing. A company of soldiers were disembarked, and putting their arms aport, they slowly marched against the crowd, soon clearing a space for the regiment to land. One of our

officers, after landing, was somewhat perplexed how to get the regimental baggage up to his new quarters. He looked in vain for a porter amongst the crowd of silent and sullen spectators around him; at length an idea flashed upon him. At a short distance stood some carts loaded with coal; he approached the drivers and courteously requested them to dump their coal and follow him. They *obligingly* acceded to his request, and the baggage arrived at their quarters nearly as soon as the regiment.

NOT WHIPPED.

Among the "secesh" prisoners captured at Fort Donelson, and sent to Chicago, was a long, lank specimen from Mississippi, clothed in *buttonwood*-colored pantaloons, and a well ventilated shirt. A visitor approached this gentleman, who was busily engaged in chewing tobacco against time, and inquired how he fared, etc. His answer was satisfactory, and he concluded his remarks by adding: "Look a-here, stranger, that arr flag," (pointing to the Stars and Stripes floating above his head) "that arr flag is good enough for me, but we warren't whupped!"

A REGIMENT OF COUSINS.

A young lady, weeping and waving her handkerchief with much assiduity on the occasion of the departure of a regiment of soldiers, was asked what relatives she had in the regiment, and replied,—

"Cousins."

"How many?" was solicitously queried.

"Why, the whole regiment; arn't they Uncle Sam's boys?" laconically replied the lass.

"WE FEEL BULLY."

General McClellan having received intelligence of the skirmish at Cold Harbor, in Virginia, which took place on the 24th of May, rode forward towards the river and met, on their return, the Fourth Michigan regiment, who, in our gallant general's own words, "about finished the Louisiana Tigers." He grasped General Woodbury warmly by the hand, and said, "General, I am happy to congratulate you again on your success." Then shaking hands also with the gallant Captain Rose, he thanked him for his services that day; and next turning to the men he said, "And how do you feel, boys?"

"We feel bully, general!" exclaimed the men.

"Can they keep us out of Richmond?" asked the general.

"No!" rang from the whole line, and an enthusiastic cheer proclaimed that they felt their general and themselves invincible.

STORIES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO,

AND

SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

A NOVEL CANDLESTICK.

Charley J—— the pet of the mess, was a great letter-writer. Every night he would sit down and occupy the allotted hours of candle-light, by writing home his experiences.

Home was the lode-star of Charley's existence, as it is that of every true soldier; and as Charley expressed it: "Letters from home are flashes of refinement, which illumine the dreary life of a camp in the wilderness, and which convert the interior of a dirty tent into the cheerful walls of a parlor," and so forth. Charley's letters were generally directed to a name prefixed by the monosyllable "Miss;" and those he received were generally directed in a delicate female hand. Charley had a sister to love, and who loved him; and it was said he had somebody else's sister also, who and so forth, and so forth. But this is not to the point. Charley used for a candlestick an old gunpowder canister, which would not allow the candle to stand straight; and drops of grease would frequently fall from the candle upon the paper as he wrote. He consoled himself for a while by saying, "Well, she'll think the grease stains tear-drops," but when one day he received a letter asking him, why his letters were always covered with candle-grease, and wondering how he could be so careless, he resolved to improve his candlestick. One day in the course of his rambles he discovered a bank of black sand; so finely glazed and regular in shape and size were the grains, that they resembled gunpowder so strikingly, that nothing but actual experiment would have detected the difference. "The very thing for my candlestick," thought Charley, and he gathered a quantity in his handkerchief, and brought it to camp. He placed it in the canister, and inserted the candle and it worked to a charm. While writing that evening, a comrade came into the tent, and observing Charley so busily engaged that he had neglected to snuff his candle, he snuffed it himself, and threw the wick into the canister. The still glowing

wick illumined the interior of the canister and revealed to the horrified gaze of the friendly comrade, the nature, as he supposed of its contents. As quick as thought he dashed the canister from the table, and with a yell of terror, he rushed from the tent, leaving poor Charley in darkness, and astonishment. The news of the narrow escape spread through the camp, and when Charley was cautioned by his comrades to be more careful in the selection of his canister hereafter, he simply remarked, "Have no fears, gentlemen, that powder is very slow to burn!" The facts leaked out, and the sand bank was known afterwards in camp, as Charley J——'s magazine.

FLEAS.

Our sergeant's greatest horror was fleas; and of this horror every tent was full; and many were the expedients devised to secure protection from the attacks of these industrious chevaliers. The sergeant, after many and lengthy cogitations, finally struck upon a plan for his own protection, which was quite ingenious. He emptied the ticking provided for his use by Uncle Sam, of its contents; sewed up the slit in the centre, and in one end cut a hole large enough to admit his body. The hole was provided with a "puckering string," so that after the sergeant had safely bagged himself for the night, he could draw the "puckering cord" tight around his neck, thus protecting his body and arms from the assaults of his tormentors. His face only was exposed to the enemy; but that was hardened by exposure to all kinds of weather, until it was invulnerable. His plan was a decided success. The sergeant no longer complained of fleas. One dark night between eleven and twelve oclock, the profound silence of the camp was suddenly broken by the simultaneous discharges of our sentinels' muskets. They rushed pell-mell into camp, shouting, "the greasers! the greasers!" We could distinctly hear the clattering of horses' feet rapidly approaching; the long roll was beaten, and the soldiers rushed to arms, and formed in line of battle. We gave our assailants a well directed volley, and they scattered and fled. During the whole affray our sergeant, usually so prompt, was not on hand. As we approached his tent to investigate the matter, we heard sounds of strife issuing from within. We rushed into the tent and there found our sergeant struggling desperately with —— his "flea protector." Rolling and tumbling; swearing and bumping, he was tossing himself about vainly endeavoring to release himself from his predicament. During his sleep the knot of his "puckering string" had got outside his bag and beyond his reach, and he had remained thus a struggling captive during the whole affair. We released him from his unpleasant imprisonment; and ever after that night it was dangerous to mention fleas in his presence.

BEARS AND "DEARS."

While a party of soldiers, on extra duty, were encamped near Little Bear Valley in Upper California, during the Mexican war, engaged in getting out lumber, a number of them went out on a night hunting excursion in Little Bear Valley. On their way thither they visited a Spanish family, who regaled them with a repast of *tortillas y lache*, (cakes and milk). One of them, after reaching the valley where they intended to commence hunting, remembered the bright eyes of the Spanish girls who had waited on him, and concluded that he would rather hunt "dear" than bear, and therefore commenced retracing his steps. After going a short distance he reached an elevation of land the base of which was covered with chapparel, while the summit was bare. As he emerged from the chapparel, and reached the bare ground, he was met face to face by a bear. He immediately fired at the animal and wounded him severely. With a growl of rage the bear rushed upon him. The hunter fled for the nearest tree, which he hastily climbed. He reloaded his gun, and again fired upon the bear, which was raging around the tree, unable to climb it on account of his wound. Again the soldier fired, taking deliberate aim at the bear's head. With a doleful howl the bear rushed from the spot and took refuge in a thicket. The soldier, thinking he had given the bear a mortal wound, descended from the tree with the intention of securing the skin of his game as a prize, when the bear suddenly emerged from the thicket, and rushed upon his enemy with increased fury. Our hero turned and fled for safety to his tree. He was in such haste to regain his place of refuge, and the bear was so near, that he dropped his gun; but he succeeded in reaching the branches of the tree with no other injury than the loss of his boot, which the bear had seized by the heel just as the soldier was climbing the tree. The bear occupied himself for a moment by tearing the boot to shreds. This accomplished, the animal turned his attention to the gun, and in a few moments broke it to pieces. Having vented his rage upon these objects, the bear deliberately mounted guard at the foot of the tree, and kept our hero in his irksome position the whole night, when at daybreak he disappeared, and the soldier, with many misgivings descended in safety, and found his way early in the morning, to the house of his fair entertainers, who consoled him with a hot breakfast and a comfortable couch.

SPLITTING WOOD.

The quartermaster of a regiment in Upper California, during the Mexican war, gave orders that some men should be detailed to procure oak wood for making neck-yokes for oxen, and for repairing the wag-

ons. The oak in that country is a species of semi-oak, very tough and crooked, and after some difficulty the men secured the straight part of the trunk of an oak, and brought it into camp. Now came the splitting process. After wearying themselves with hacking at the wood with axes, without accomplishing their design, it was suggested that if a hole was bored into the wood and charged with powder, and plugged, leaving space for a fuse, the trunk of the tree might be "blasted." This was done and the fuse fired, several times, producing no other effect than forcibly expelling the plug.

"I'll show you how to do it," at length exclaimed a Scotchman named McKim, who had been standing by, watching the progress of the experiment. He accordingly charged the hole with powder, and rammed it down vigorously, and closed the entrance with sand, and plugged it, leaving a vent as before. In his excitement he neglected to take the precaution of firing the fuse from the end of the log, but fired it while standing directly beside it. The fuse burnt rapidly, and before our worthy Scotchman had time to get out of the way, the log split in halves, one half striking him on his stomach, doubling him up on the ground. All looked horror-struck, believing their comrade dead, when suddenly the Scotchman roared out:

"McKim's no more! McKim's no more!"

McKim recovered; and for a long time the words "McKim's no more!" became a standing joke in the camp.

RIGHT SICK.

Mose Case, a negro Albino, was about as well known to General Taylor's army as the General himself. At Buena Vista Mose left early in the action, and found his way to Saltillo, where he remained until after the 23d. Mose would never admit that he ran, he only retreated in good order. A few days after his return to camp, an officer was pressing him to know how fast he did retreat.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Captain," was his reply, "if I had been home, and going after the Doctor, folks would have thought the man was right sick."

BEEF.

Fresh meat was a luxury our men only knew by name, as no game was within twenty miles of our barracks, and orders were strict that no cattle should be killed belonging to the inhabitants, and as for selling to us, they hated us too heartily to allow us to take a hearty meal at any price.

It was usual to brand government cattle, horses, etc., with Uncle Sam's mark, and if a bullock was found thus marked at large it was common

property to the finders, and known to be the remains of our army herd which had perhaps strayed at a time when we had beef of our own.

The boys got up a plan of their own to increase the number of estrays, by taking an old government iron out of camp and branding any unwary "animile" that happened within reach.

The Major's stewardess was a Spanish senora, who had a beautifully mottled milch heifer, which afforded milk for the major's coffee. But some of the boys, one day, of Company F, which had just come in quarters and was not posted, saw the critter at a distance from camp, and brought her down with an ounce ball and three buckshot. It was soon missed, and the major suspecting the truth of the matter, got angry over his coffee minus the usual condiment, and sent a sergeant and men to search the men's quarters, who were even then luxuriating on fried steaks, tenderloins, etc.

Word came that the search was coming, and such a muss the appearance of an enemy could not have caused. Chuck went the frying steaks into the fire and ashes, and seizing the severed quarters and chucking them into two empty pork barrels, while pieces of salt pork from another barrel were hastily piled on top to hide the beef and give it the appearance of barrels of pork.

The sergeant of course found no beef, but reported Co. F as having two and a half barrels of pork, an excess that the major *ordered sold* at once, and the proceeds to be used to buy *another critter* for the bereaved senora. The boys raised the money, but not from the sale of pork!

VERY LIKE A WHALE.

Our camp was situated within sound of the deep-toned murmur of the surf, as the long, swelling waves of the Pacific stretched out their huge gliding bodies upon the white shining sands of the shore, huge giants of the ocean, rolling curiously uneasily on its smoothly made but inclining bed.

After an unusually severe souwester blow, the greasers notified us that a whale had been thrown up or stranded on the beach, which was not unusual, as could testify the huge pieces of whale's vertebræ, etc., grown white and bleached, not unlike roots and stumps of the sycamore, which were strewn along the coast. No sooner was the late arrival of spermaceti known, than every man off duty who could get a pass was on his way to see the "dead baby of the deep." One of the number, an enterprising Michigander, who had "never seen a whale," but had often read of their wonderful proportions, and of the articles of trade and of curiosity they afforded, waited till the rest had satisfied their curiosity and left, when he conceived the idea of prying open the

immense jaws of the dead whale, and cutting out a tooth with his sheath knife, as a trophy. With the aid of the flood-wood about the spot, he soon rigged a lever and elevated a jaw, so that he could put in a supporter, and thus give him a chance to crawl in. This he did, but, while busy at the tooth, the stick or standard that kept the jaw up gave way, and down came the ponderous jaw like a "dead fall," shutting our modern Jonah in an exceedingly "tight place," and only leaving an opening out of which he could see the gradually approaching return tide, which would soon reach and submerge the dead carcass of the whale, including his worthy self. Such an ignoble death for a soldier was too much, and it is needless to say that he called loudly for help in all the terms of despair. Luckily some of the men returning that way heard the noise, and soon came to his rescue; but the incident was too good to be lost by the men, and he ever after went by the name of Jonah!

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

Our company had one eccentric character called by the men Haz. Dey. Having grown up on the borders free and untamed as the buffalo he hunted, it was difficult to make him understand the necessity of military discipline, and much less that etiquette that requires the private to salute the superior officer.

Old Dey was on guard one day at a distant part of the camp, at a spot where had been formerly a Spanish *corrall* where cattle had been slaughtered in great numbers for their hide and tallow, only leaving the carcasses to decay, and the bones to bleach and whiten in the hot sun. Such numbers of these bones had accumulated that a sentry box had been built by the sentries entirely of the skulls and horns of the slaughtered cattle, and even the sentry beat or path had to be cleared from these obstructions, and piled on either side.

One hot day old Dey was walking lazily on his round at easy shoulder arms, with his cap drawn down over his eyes, when the major came past on horseback, on his way to the *Puebla*. But not a motion or sign did our sentry give that he knew of the presence of his commandant, but kept on his slow, sullen pace. At last the major, out of all patience, stopped his horse and called out sternly, "Dey!" Dey stopped, and without changing his gun or moving a feature, answered, "What'n thunder do you want?"

"Don't you ever salute your superior officers, sir, when you are on duty?" said the major, in his severest tone.

"Not among these dry bones, by thunder!" returned old Dey, and turning on his heel he kept on his lazy stride, while the major, either nonplussed or amused at the odd audacity of the eccentric though

somewhat fretted volunteer, rode on and left him to his meditations, and the relics of bovine mortality that surrounded him.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

During the Mexican war a portion of the volunteer forces under Col. Stevenson were stationed at the Presidio, on the Bay of San Francisco, and at the "Golden Gate" or entrance of the harbor, was an old Spanish fort, which squads of the soldiers were detailed at times to repair and put in a better state, preparatory to mounting heavy U. S. ordinance.

A lot of old Spanish cannon were then only in the way. One Fourth of July our boys thought to celebrate it a little by cramming one of the largest with old rusty shot, and firing it across the channel, at the opposite cliffs by means of a slow match to prevent accidents.

As luck would have it, the major of the post had chartered a schooner to take him and his dispatches to Monterey that day, which fact the boys had quite forgotten. So the old gun had been crammed to the muzzle, and blocked up so as to range across the channel and the match lighted, while the boys scampered off to places of safety, and to watch the result of the explosion. But what was their consternation to see the schooner containing the major and suite, with its pennant flying, about to pass the channel on its way down the coast, and exactly in range of the old gun. There was no help for it, for none had the hardihood to run and quench the slow match, for ten to one the gun would not only go off before it could be reached, but "go up" too, with its infernal charge of rusty shot and old brick and stones. Breathless stood the boys, while on came the vessel, gaily "wing and wing;" on burned and fizzed the slow-match—then came a sudden flash and a roar that shook the old fort to its rocky foundation—the hurtling hail of deadly missiles through the air, and the *chung* of the shot in the water, and the spray that flew in a long line just before the bow of the vessel, told but too well what a "muss" they had got into.

No rebel craft ever "came to" quicker than did the schooner, and it was some moments before those on board could be made to understand the cause of so demonstrative and summary a salute.

It is needless to add that the major was awful mad, and swore that he would teach the boys to have a little more care how they celebrated the Fourth in future. The old gun was *hors du combat*, having turned a complete summersault, and was hardly fit to pass muster, with its vent elongated like Paddy's mouth—into a broad grin.

THE BLOODY LIAR.

An Arkansas soldier, wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, asked an Irishman to help him off the field. The latter did so by enabling

him to mount, and strapping him to his horse, and riding himself before. During the ride the poor Arkansian had his head shot off unknown to his companion. Arriving at the doctor's quarters, the Irishman was asked what he wanted. "I brought this man to have his leg dressed." "Why," replied the doctor, "his head is off." "The bloody liar!" exclaimed Mike, looking behind him, "he tould me he was only shot in the leg!"

RESACA DE LA PALMA.

At Resaca de la Palma our troops stood anxiously waiting for the signal to be given, and never had I looked upon men upon whose countenances was more clearly expressed a fixed determination to win. The lips of some were pale with excitement and their eyes wore that fixed expression which betokens mischief; others would quietly laugh and catch a tighter grip of the rein, or seat themselves with care and firmness in the saddle, while quiet words of confidence and encouragement were passed from each to his neighbor. All at once, May rode to the front of his troops—every rein and saber were tightly grasped. Raising himself and pointing to the battery, he shouted; "Men, follow!" There was now a clattering of hoofs and a rattling of sabersheaths; the fire of the enemy's guns was partly drawn by Lieutenant Ridgley, and the next moment we were sweeping like the wind upon the ravine. I was in a squad of about nine men who were separated by a shower of grape from the battery, and we were in advance, May leading. He turned his horse opposite the breastwork in front of the guns, and with another shout "to follow," leaped over them. Several of the horses did follow, but mine being new and not well trained, refused; two others bolted, and their riders started down the ravine to turn the breastwork, where the rest of the troops had entered. I made another attempt to clear the guns with my horse, turning him around, feeling all the time secure at thinking the guns discharged. I put his breast towards them and gave him the spur, but he again balked; so, turning his head down the ravine, I, too, started to ride round the breast-work.

"As I came down, a lancer dashed at me with lance in rest. With my saber I parried his thrust, only receiving a slight flesh-wound in the arm, which felt at the time like the prick of a pin. The lancer turned and fled; but at that moment a ball passed through my horse on the left side, and shattered my right leg. The shot killed the horse instantly, and he fell upon my left leg, fastening me by his weight to the earth. There I lay, right in the midst of the action, where carnage was running riot, and every moment the shot from our own and the Mexican guns tearing up the earth around me. I tried to raise my

horse so as to extricate my leg; but I had already grown so weak with my wound that I was unable, and from the mere attempt, I fell back exhausted. To add to my horror, a horse which was careering about, riderless, within a few yards of me, received a wound, and he commenced struggling and rearing with pain. Two or three times he came near falling on me, but at length, with a scream of agony and a bound, he fell dead—his body touching my fallen steed. What I had been in momentary dread of now occurred—my wounded limb, which was lying across the horse, received another ball in the ancle.

"I now felt disposed to give up; and exhausted through pain and excitement, a film gathered over my eyes, which I thought was the precursor of dissolution. From this hopeless state, I was aroused by a wounded Mexican, calling out to me, 'Bueno Americana,' and turning my eyes towards the spot I saw that he was holding a certificate and calling to me. The tide of action now rolled away from me, and hope again sprung up. The Mexican uniforms began to disappear from the chapparel, and squadrons of our troops passed in sight apparently in pursuit. While I was thus nursing the prospect of escape, I beheld, not far from me, a villainous-looking ranchero, armed with an American sergeant's short sword, dispatch a wounded American soldier, whose body he robbed; the next he came to was a Mexican, whom he served the same way, and thus I looked on while he murderously slew four. I drew an undischarged pistol from my holster, and laying myself along my horse's neck, watched him, expecting to be the next victim; but something frightened him from his vulture-like business, and he fled in another direction.

"I need not say that had he visited me I should have taken one more shot at the enemy, and would have died content, had I succeeded in making such an assassin bite the dust. Two hours after, I had the pleasure of shaking some of my comrades by the hand, who were picking up the wounded. They lifted my Mexican friend too, and I am pleased to say, he, as well as myself, lives, to fight over again the sanguinary fray of Resaca de la Palma."

SHOOTING SANTA ANNA.

The market in the city of Mexico is in a large square, near the Grand Plaza, surrounded by a wall. A soldier, who hailed from an Eastern State, and who had become somewhat wild with excitement and *aguardiente*, gained a position under the walls of the market, and commenced firing as fast as he could load and aim over the wall. An officer observing him approached, and demanded him to point out what he was firing at.

"Wait till I get another shot, sir. I never missed at that range

before, and I am sure this must bring him down," and he let go again.

"You big fool," said the officer, "you are firing at that statue in the market place!" Which was the fact—he had been firing at an equestrian statue of Santa-Anna.

SHOOTING THE APOSTLES.

After the city of Mexico had surrendered to General Scott, it is well known that the troops were obliged to win their way from house to house, and street to street, until they finally expelled the remnant of the Mexican army, which disputed every inch of ground from the gates of the city to the palace. The Second Regiment, United States Infantry (to which the writer belonged), under command of that sterling veteran and honest man, Colonel (afterwards General) Riley, was gaining ground step by step, under a hot fire from house tops and church steeples, when Pat Mallony, a private in Company F, made a dash, and intrenched himself in a door-way (the door-ways are large, with heavy, projecting jams), a full square in advance of his company, and commenced a spirited fire. When he had fired five shots he was joined by a comrade, just as he was preparing for the sixth round, who asked him what he was firing at, and desired a "chance in." "Hist!" says Pat, "wait till I fetch another of the bla'guards. I have done the business for five of them, and there is another waiting to be served with the same sauce." Bang! went his sixth shot, when his comrade, together with two others who had now joined them, exploded with laughter. "What in the devil's name be yees laughing at, at all, at all?" says Pat. "Sure did'nt I fix his flint nice enough? and be the Powers! there is another spalpeen just stepped into his place, and waiting for a dose!" ramming his cartridge home with energy.

"Stop, Pat!" said his comrade; "don't you see you are firing at the Apostles?"

"And is it the Apostles, is it? Now may the howly St. Pether forgive me!" says Pat, his eyes opening like two saucers as he made the discovery that he had been firing on two life-size statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood on each side of a church door, about a musket-shot down the street. Pat hit St. Peter six times. It was a standing joke against him, and he never heard the last of it as long as he remained in the regiment.

A SCENE AT MONTEREY.

The following scene is described by an officer commanding a regiment at the battle of Monterey:

"I was ordered by Colonel Childs to take a company of my regiment,

and break in the doors of a row of houses in the second plaza. I had gone nearly through, without seeing a soul, when for a time, the efforts of my men were exerted in vain to get into one that seemed barricaded with care. As the hinges of the door were about to give way, a tremulous voice on the inside beseeched me not to break the door down—it should be opened. When unlocked I rushed in, as well as I could, over beds, chairs, cushions, etc., and to my surprise found the room occupied by about twenty-five women! As soon as they saw me and the soldiers following, they ran around me, and fell on their knees, the elder beseeching in tones of deep distress my protection, and to have their lives spared; the younger begging timidly not to be injured. While they were thus kneeling, and I assuring them that no harm or injury should befall them, a pretty little woman slid into the circle, and knelt close to my feet. "Senor," said she, in a soft quivering voice, "for the love you bore your mother, for the love you have for your wife, for the tender affection your heart holds for your children, oh! spare this, *my* poor little babe;" holding up a bright-eyed, dimpled-cheeked little boy, about a year old. She never asked for *herself.* It spite of me, tears rushed to my eyes, and I could only speak with a full breast, as I told her to rise and assured her that she and her child were perfectly safe.

"'Be the holy virgin, capting,' remarked a rough Irish soldier, wiping away a tear with the back of his hand, '*won't* the ould seventh purtect them!'

"That night I watched over that room which was sacredly kept from intrusion. The next day we were blessed by these females, for the protection we had given them, for they gave us of what they had to eat and drink, and we were nearly famished. Poor creatures, how much they were distressed! The young mother will ever be painted in my mind's eye, as the devoted guardian of her babe. Her husband, I learned, was an officer, and was then fighting us in the city. She could not have known whether he was alive or not, and I have not heard of him."

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

At the battle of San Jacinto, an old man with two guns was seen as the Texans started from their camp to attack the Mexicans. He was asked what reason he had for carrying more than one gun. He replied, "D—n the Mexicans, they killed my son and son-in-law, in the Alamo, and I intend to kill two of them for it, or be killed myself." He was seen again after the fight, and said that he had killed his two men, and if he could find Santa Anna himself, he would cut out "*a razor strap from his back.*"

MADE 'EM SQUAT.

A widow woman's only son went to Mexico, fought well and returned. His mother was pious, and after he had answered numerous inquiries as to his health, etc., said she, "Now tell me, Henry, you didn't kill any one, did you? You didn't p'int your gun at any of them, and commit murder right agin the Bible, did you? It would be so wicked!"

"I don't know, mother," said he, "as I killed any one, but I made eight or ten of them *squat* rather sudden!"

LYING AROUND LOOSE.

An Illinois regiment of volunteers were preparing for the Mexican war, and a camp of instruction was held near Springfield. The Colonel had on one occasion ordered the regiment to parade for inspection on a certain day. Judge his surprise on riding through the camp on his way to the head of his regiment, to find one company "lying around loose" under the trees, while monopolizing an extra shady place, lay stretched at full length the first sergeant.

Colonel. "Why sergeant, what is the meaning of this? Why have you not your men on parade, sir?"

Sergeant. (*Without rising, and looking lazily over his shoulder at the Colonel.*) "We've concluded not to parade to-day, Colonel."

That company *did* parade, and when they came up it was in double-quick time.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. HARRISON.

During the war of 1812, as the northwestern army was engaged in one of its toilsome marches, a private overcome with fatigue sank down and died from exposure and exhaustion. General William H. Harrison was careful to arrest the progress of the forces in order to give this man a christian burial with coffin and funeral. As some of the military carpenters were engaged in preparing the coffin, the general entered the shop and paced the floor in silence, watching the progress of the work, evidently with his feelings aroused by the circumstance. One of the soldiers presuming perhaps on this exhibition of humane feeling, asked the general as to his plans for the future operations of the army. Pausing in his walk, and elevating himself to commanding height, Harrison asked,

"Are you a soldier, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then, sir, *be one!*" was the reply, which with the tone and eye of the speaker, gave the daring soldier a lesson in subordination, doubtless never forgotten.

"KILL US WHO DARES."

Some ladies who had a brother at the battle of Bladensburgh lived near enough to the field to hear the artillery, and at every report one of them would say, "Poor Richard is gone now!" or "There, I expect Dick is certainly killed this time!" This was continued till poor Richard was mourned over many times, and night came down with a storm of rain and wind which blew down the kitchen chimney, and they were unprotected in a lonely house. To add to their distress, they fancied they heard the howling of wild beasts in the woods. There was a report afloat of some having escaped from a menagerie in the neighborhood. At last, in the midst of their terror, the elder sister exclaimed: "Well, we shall live till we die, kill us who dares!" At this wise maxim the others laughed, and they took courage to go to bed and await the issue of events. I am glad to say they were left unmolested and Richard returned home alive and well.—*Correspondent Harper's Monthly.*

THE BRAVE STANDARD-BEARER.

When the battle of Niagara was raging at its height, an American color-sergeant's flag was riddled with ball, and as he waved it amid a storm of bullets the staff was severed in three pieces, in his hand. Turning to Colonel Jessup, he exclaimed, as he took up the fragments; "Look, colonel, how they have cut us!" The next moment a ball passed through his body, but still he kept his feet, and still waved his mutilated standard until, faint with loss of blood, he sunk on the field.

SHOT AND SHELL.

During the war of 1812 a number of American troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara, and while so engaged the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole time of our forces to keep on the lookout for the shots of the enemy. Finding that they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or shell was coming. This duty the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out "shot," "shell," until, finally, the enemy started a congreve rocket, which Pat had never seen before. He hesitated, and seeing it elevate, he shouted, "Shot! and, be jabers, the gun wid it."

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

In the notes of an army surgeon we find the following: "I remember, one day, in making my hospital rounds, a patient, just arrived, presented me an amputated forearm, and, in doing so, could scarcely re-

frain from a broad laugh, the titter was constantly on his face. 'What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject of laughter.' 'It is not, doctor, but excuse me, I lost my arm in so funny a way, that I still laugh whenever I look at it. Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am a corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but I never saw such a thing before.' This occurred during the siege of Fort Erie."

STORIES

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

During the Revolutionary War, a squad of men were busily engaged in raising a log to the top of a military work they were constructing. Their commander, a little man, stood near by, superintending their labors, and shouting till he was red in the face, "Heave away, boys! Up she goes! There! Now! Once more! Heave away!"

A stranger, clothed in the dress of a civilian, happened to pass by.

"Why do you not give your men a helping hand?" he inquired.

"Sir," replied the little man, pompously, "sir, I am a corporal."

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, taking off his hat, and bowing to the corporal; "but allow me to give them a little help."

With these words he joined the men, and labored with them till the log reached its desired position, and the drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

"And now, Mr. Corporal," said he, turning to that officer, "whenever you are again in need of assistance, send to headquarters, and your commander-in-chief will hold himself in readiness to serve you."

The little corporal was transfixed with amazement. The stranger was General George Washington.

—At one time when General Washington was standing with his aids in a place where he was exposed to the fire of the enemy, Col. Cobb said to him, "Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step a little back?" "Colonel Cobb," replied Washington, "if you are afraid you have liberty to move back."

On another occasion, while Mr. Evans, one of the chaplains of the army, was standing near General Washington, a shot struck the ground, so near as to cover his hat with sand. He took off his hat, and said, "See here, General!" "Mr. Evans," replied Washington, "you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children."

COURTESIES OF WAR.

At the commencement of the American Revolution, the opposing armies were stationed so near each other that some of their sentinels were within half gun shot of each other. The hostile armies were divided by the water passage between Morrisania and Montressor's Island, which in some places is very narrow, and the sentinels on both sides were ordered not to fire at each other. They were so civil to each other on the posts, that one day, at a part of the creek where it was practicable, the British sentinel asked the American if he could give him a chew of tobacco; the latter, having a thick, twisted roll, sent it across the creek to the British sentinel, who, after taking off his hack, sent the remainder back.

PETER FRANCISCO.

Peter Francisco, of Virginia, early enlisted in the Continental service, and was a man of wonderful personal prowess. He was over six feet in height, and his weight was two hundred and sixty pounds. He usually carried a sword, having a blade five feet in length and of great weight, and this he wielded with so much skill and force, that every swordsman who came in contact with him paid the forfeit of his life. Such was his physical strength that he could easily shoulder a cannon weighing 1100 pounds. This wonderful strength induced in him so much confidence, that he was utterly fearless, and never was daunted at any danger, no matter how formidable. One day, Francisco had been reconnoitering, and while stopping at the house of Mr. Wand, nine of Tarleton's cavalry came up, with three negroes, and told him he was their prisoner. He made no resistance, and believing him to be very peaceable, they all went into the house, leaving him and the paymaster together.

"Give up instantly your valuables," said the latter, "or prepare to die."

"I have nothing to give up," said Francisco, "so use your pleasure."

"Give me at once," demanded the soldier, "those silver buckles you wear in your shoes."

"They were a present from a valued friend," replied Francisco, "and it would grieve me to part with them. Give them into your hands I never will. You have the power; take them if you think fit." The soldier put the saber under his arm, and bent down to take them. Francisco, finding so favorable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace to the rear, drew the sword from under the arm of his enemy, and instantly gave him a blow across the skull.

"My enemy," observed Francisco, "was brave, and though severely wounded, drew a pistol, and in the same moment that he pulled the

trigger, I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Ben Wand (the man of the house) very ungenerously brought out a musket, and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. He mounted the only horse he could get, and presented it at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. A desperate struggle ensued. I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which I increased by repeatedly hallooing, as loud as I could, 'Come on, my brave boys; now's your time; we'll soon dispatch these few, and attack the main body!' The wounded man flew to the troop; the others were panic-struck, and fled. I seized Wand, and would have dispatched him; but the poor wretch begged for his life, he was not only an object of my contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind, I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten more in pursuit of me, I made off. I eluded their vigilance. They stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled, and fell on their rear." And so he escaped.

SERGEANT JASPER.

The name of Sergeant Jasper, the revolutionary hero of Fort Moultrie, is familiar to all readers of American history. Jasper possessed remarkable talents for a scout. He could wear old disguises with admirable ease and dexterity. He was a perfect Proteus in ability to alter his appearance; perpetually entering the camp of the enemy without detection, and invariably returning to his own with soldiers he had seduced, or prisoners he had captured. Such was the confidence in his skill and fidelity that a roving commission was granted him, with liberty to pick his associates from the brigade. Of these he seldom chose more than six. He would often go off and return with a prisoner before his absence was known. *He was known to catch a party that was looking after him.* On one occasion he went into the British lines as a deserter, and was gladly received. After a stay of eight days, in which time he learned of the strength, situation, and intentions of the enemy, he returned to his companions.

While in the exercise of his roving privileges, he, on one occasion visited the post of the enemy at Ebenezer. At this post he had a brother, who held the same rank in the British service that Jasper held in the American. This instance was quite too common in the history of the period and country, to occasion much surprise, or cause any suspicion of the integrity of either party. William Jasper loved his brother and wished to see him; it is very certain at the same time, that he did not deny himself the privilege of seeing all around him. The Tory was alarmed at William's appearance in the British camp,

but the other quieted his fears, by representing himself no longer an American soldier; but that though he found little encouragement in fighting for his country, "he had not the heart to fight against her." After learning all he could in the enemy's camp he took his departure and reported all he had seen to his commander. A few weeks after he repeated his visit, accompanied by one Sergeant Newton, a fellow quite as brave in spirit and strong in body as himself. Here he was again well received by his brother, who entertained the guests for several days. Meanwhile a small party of Americans were brought into Ebenezer as captives, over whom hung the danger of "short shrift and sudden cord." They were on their way to Savannah for trial. They had taken arms with the British as hundreds more had done, when the country was deemed reconquered; but on the approach of the American army had rejoined their countrymen, and were now once more at the mercy of the power with which they had broken faith. "It will go hard with them," said the Tory Jasper to his Whig brother; but the secret comment of the other was "it shall go hard with me first. There was a woman, the wife of one of the prisoners, who, with her child, kept them company. William Jasper and his friend conferred together as soon as they were alone as to the possibility of rescuing them. They soon adopted a plan. The prisoners had scarcely left the post for Savannah, under a guard of eight men, a sergeant and corporal, when they took leave of their host, and set forth also though in a different direction from the guard. Changing their course when secure from observation, they stretched across the country and followed in the footsteps of the unhappy captives. But it was only in the pursuit that they became truly conscious of the difficulty, nay seeming impossibility of effecting their object. The guard was armed and ten in number, they were but two and weaponless. Two miles from Savannah there is a famous spring, the waters of which are well-known to travelers. The conjecture that the guard might stop there, with the prisoners for refreshment, suggested itself to our companions; here opportunities might occur for the rescue, which had nowhere before presented themselves. Taking an obscure path with which they were familiar, which led them to the spot before the enemy could arrive, they placed themselves in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the spring. They had not long to wait. Their conjecture proved correct. The guard was halted on the road opposite the spring. The corporal with four men conducted the prisoners to the water, while the sergeant with the remainder of his force, having made them ground their arms near the road brought up the rear. The captives threw themselves upon the ground—the woman and her child near its father. Little did any of them dream that deliverance was at hand. Two of

the armed men kept guard, but we may suppose with little caution. Two others approached the spring in order to bring water to the prisoners. Resting their muskets against a tree they proceeded to fill their canteens. At this moment Jasper gave the signal to his comrade. In an instant the two muskets were in their hands. In another, they had shot down the two soldiers upon duty, then clubbing their weapons, they rushed out upon the astonished enemy, and felling their first opponents each at a blow, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the loaded muskets. This decided the conflict which was over in a few minutes. The surviving guard yielded themselves to mercy before the presented weapons. Such an achievement could only be successful from its audacity, and the operation of circumstances. The very proximity of Savannah increased the chances of success. But for this the guard would have taken better precautions. None were taken. The prompt valor, the bold decision, the cool calculation of the instant were the elements which secured success. The prisoners were quickly released, the arms of the captured British put in their hands, and hurrying from the spot they crossed the Savannah in safety with their friends and foes.

THE WESTCHESTER SPY.

During the American Revolution, while Enoch Crosby, the Westchester Spy, was on duty in the vicinity of Teller's Point, a British sloop-of-war came up the river and anchored in the stream opposite the Point. With an unconquerable predilection for stratagem, our hero immediately concocted a plot for the sole purpose, as he says of affording "a ltttle sport for the soldiers." He accordingly proceeded down the Point, accompanied by six men, all of whom save one concealed themselves in the woods which grew a short distance from the shore, while the other paraded the beach so as to display his uniform in so conspicuous a manner, as to attract the notice of the officers on board the vessel. The enemy swallowed the bait; and a boat was soon put off from the sloop-of-war, manned with eleven men under the command of a lieutenant, to make a prisoner of this one Yankee, who precipitately fled into the woods, as the barge approached the shore. The Englishmen followed, threatening to shoot the fugitive unless he stopped and surrendered. As soon as the pursuers had passed his little party, which were scattered in various directions, Crosby exclaimed, "Come on, my boys! Now we have them!"

At this signal every man sprang up in his place, with a shout that made the welkin ring; making, at the same time, such a rustling in the bushes, that the British, thinking themselves surrounded by a superior force, surrendered without resistance.

THE SCOUT AND THE INDIAN.

A soldier in Western New York one day was out on a scouting party. Being a man of courage, enterprise, and sagacity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy. For this purpose he ventured to separate from his companions. In the course of his reconnoitering alone, in the open field, he approached a wood, the underbrush of which was very thick. His watchful eye discovered what he supposed to be some animal among the bushes. He immediately saw his mistake. It was an Indian crawling on his hands and feet, with his rifle in his hand, and watching the soldier, evidently with the intention of advancing sufficiently near to make him a sure mark. For the soldier to retreat was now impossible; he thought he could not escape, and he remembered too that his father had told him never to return wounded in the back. He pretended not to see the Indian, and walked slowly toward him with his cocked gun by his side, carefully observing the movements of his enemy. They approached nearer and nearer; at length he saw the Indian bringing his gun to his shoulder; at that instant the soldier fell to the ground—the ball whistled its harmless music over his head—the soldier lay motionless. The Indian uttered the fearful yell which signifies the death of an enemy, and drawing his scalping knife (but forgetting to reload his piece), advanced with hasty strides. The soldier, motionless, permitted him to approach within ten paces; he then, with the utmost composure, sprung upon his feet. The savage stood aghast! The soldier, with deliberate aim, put a ball directly through his heart.

THE HEROIC RIFLEMAN.

In the battle of Long Island, part of the British army marched down a road leading from Brooklyn to Gowanus, pursuing the Americans. Several of the American riflemen, in order to be more secure, and at the same time more effectually to succeed in their designs, had posted themselves in high trees near the road. One of them, whose name is not now known, shot Major Grant of the British army; in this he passed undiscovered. Again he loaded his deadly rifle and fired; another English officer fell. He was then discovered, and a platoon ordered to advance and fire into the tree, which order was immediately carried into execution, and the rifleman fell dead to the ground.

A STORY ABOUT BEES.

During the American Revolution there was a block-house, constructed of logs, on the Mohawk river, near the present village of Fort Plain, to which the inhabitants of the vicinity resorted for safety from the attacks

of the Tories and Indians. On one occasion, when all the men, excepting one, were out on some expedition, the block-house was suddenly attacked by a party of Indians and Tories. The only man in the block-house was, after a short time, shot through a port-hole, and the defense was left entirely to the women. The assailants now proceeded to dig a passage under the logs. The women were put to their wit's ends. At last one of them remembered that a hive of bees were in the block-house. The hive was carefully brought to the hole in the side of the house, and at the moment the assailants were on the point of entering, the bees were suddenly thrown among them. The little insects, infuriated by their rough treatment, fell upon the Tories and Indians, and stung them so badly that they were compelled to raise the siege.

FIGHTING ENOUGH.

Early on the morning of the day on which was fought the battle of Bennington, General Stark was approached by the chaplain of the Berkshire militia: "General," said the belligerent parson, "the people of Berkshire have often been summoned out to fight, but have never had a chance yet, and if you do not allow them to fight now, they say they will never turn out again."

"Well," replied Stark, "do you wish to march out now while it is dark and rainy?"

"No, not just at this moment;" answered the parson.

"Then," returned Stark, "if the Lord shall once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again."

The sun rose bright and glorious, Stark kept his word, and the parson and people of Berkshire were satisfied."

AN INTREPID ACTION.

An intrepid action of Sergeant Mitchell, during the American Revolution deserves honorable mention. There were no ensigns attached to the American troops at a time when it was evident that an immediate contact must ensue with the British under Tarleton. As Sergeant Mitchell had always been distinguished for correctness of conduct, he was selected to bear the colors. In the progress of the battle, Tarleton led an attack on the centre of the line, where Mitchell was posted with his standard. The intrepid sergeant was cut down, and the staff of his colors broken. Grasping the part to which the colors were attached, he retained it firmly in his hands, while dragged to a distance of fifteen paces. The British dragoons gathered around him, and would have immediately slain him, but Captain Kinloch dismounted and protected him from their rage, declaring that so gallant a soldier, though an ene-

my, should not perish. Mitchell survived his wounds, though severe, removed, at the close of the war, to Georgia, and became, from his acknowledged merits, a brigadier-general.

A HERO.

Captain Baxter, a heroic American, was wounded seriously during an engagement of the Revolutionary War. His colonel stood near him.

"I am wounded, colonel," said the soldier.

"Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post."

"But I can't stand, colonel, I am wounded a second time."

"Then lie down," said the colonel, "but quit not your post."

"Colonel," cried the wounded man, "they have shot me again, and if I remain here any longer I shall be shot to pieces."

"Be it so, Baxter, but stir not."

The heroic soldier obeyed the order; he held the important post, receiving a fourth wound before the engagement ended.

THE STUTTERING CAPTAIN.

A ludicrous story is told of Colonel Horry, of revolutionary memory, who was ordered to await, in ambuscade, the approach of a British detachment, a service he performed with such skill that he had them completely in his power, when, from a dreadful impediment in his speech with which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word "Fire!" In vain he made the attempt. It was "fi—fi—fi—fi—" but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to madness, he exclaimed:

"Shoot—you—shoot—you know what I would say; shoot, shoot, and be —— to you!"

A BATTLE INCIDENT.

In one of the battles of the American Revolution, a soldier in the line exclaimed, "my musket is shot to pieces." His comrade, who lay expiring with his wounds at a short distance, replied, in a voice scarcely audible, "My musket is in excellent order—take and use her."

HOW TO MAKE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

In the year 1778, when the American patriot army under General Sullivan, and the British army under General Pigot, were confronting each other, the advanced guard of the American army had arrived within three hundred yards of the enemy, and commenced throwing up intrenchments. Five or six hundred horses belonging to the British were in full view, and excited the enterprize of a young soldier, named

Mason. He resolved to possess himself of one of these horses, and in the presence of both armies, in open day, he put this bold design into execution. A few scattering elders grew in a low piece of ground between the sentinels of both armies, and screening himself amongst these, he contrived to reach the pasture where the horses were feeding, unobserved by any on either side. He selected the best horse he could find, and leaping upon his back, urged the animal forward towards the American lines. He approached the British sentinels at full speed, dashed by them like whirlwind, unharmed by the shots they sent after him, and reached the American lines in safety. The horse was fully caparisoned, and the young hero sold him to an officer for five hundred dollars.

THE BRAVE COWARD.

A soldier, observing a comrade turn pale, as they were advancing to a charge, taunted him with cowardice. "I shall fight," replied the other, with compressed but trembling lips, "but if *you* were half as afraid as I am, you would run away."

GENERAL LEE AND THE IRISHMAN.

When Gen. Lee, of Revolutionary fame, was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine the general remarked to his host, that after drinking he was apt to abuse Irishmen, for which he hoped the host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, general, I will do that," said the host, "if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this—whenever I hear a man abusing ould Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shellaleh." The general was civil during the whole evening.

HOW TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES.

One day in the middle of winter, during the American Revolution, General Greene, when passing a sentinel, who was bare-footed, said: "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer much from the severe cold." "Very much," was the reply; "but I do not complain. I know I should fare better had our general the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes."

MISTAKEN POINT OF HONOR.

During the Revolutionary War, two British soldiers of the army of Lord Cornwallis, went into a house, and abused the inmates in a most shocking manner. A third soldier, in going into the house, met them coming out, and recognized them. The people acquitted him of all

blame, but he was imprisoned, because he refused to disclose the names of the offenders. Every art was tried, but in vain; at length he was condemned by a court-martial to die. When on the gallows, Lord Cornwallis, surprised at his pertinacity, rode near him.

"Campbell," said he, "what a fool are you to die thus. Disclose the names of the guilty men, and you shall be immediately released; otherwise you have not fifteen minutes to live."

"You are in an enemy's country, my lord," replied Campbell, "you can better spare one man than two."

Firmly adhering to a mistaken point of honor, he died.

THE SENTINEL AND THE PIG.

During the American Revolution, in 1779, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favored by nature that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. A regiment of foot was stationed at a considerable distance beyond the confines of the encampment. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied by the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise greater. The sentinels were perpetually surprised on their posts by the Indians, and what was most astonishing, they were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after. Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument that the men thus surprised might, at least, have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, however, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery, which time would explain.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone; the surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man, with warmth, "I shall not desert." The relief company returned to the guard house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched around the post; but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from

a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned, ruminating on this strange occurrence, to the guard house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprized of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. They again marched to the spot, and to their unutterable astonishment found the post vacant. The man was gone! The poor fellow, whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of unconquerable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that, but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; you must take the chance of that, as the condition of my making the discovery." The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with melancholy forebodings. The company marched back, and waited the event with the most anxious curiosity.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied as before by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honor," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life, and led to the discovery. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at some short distance. I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts, under the trees and among the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what to consider a real cause of apprehension, or not, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were notwithstanding directed to danger from another quarter. It struck

me, however, as somewhat singular, to see the animal making by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice, immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eyes more constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, I hesitated whether I should fire,—my comrades, I thought, would laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it; and judge of my astonishment when I found I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs, so artfully and completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance so exactly corresponded to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, in their disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the opportunity when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance in the leaves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANYTHING IN REASON.

When the United States army started for Utah, there was a scarcity of transportation, or, in other words, there were too few baggage-wagons. Now every soldier knows how like the apple of one's eye are these same baggage-wagons, drawn, as they are, by six mules, on the long marches across the plains.

A Colonel of dragoons who had command of one of the columns, restricted the officers very much in their allowance of baggage, and was most bitter if any one tried to exceed the just amount. One morning the colonel met one of his captains (a dragoon of course), when he burst out as follows:

"Captain, do you know what these artillery officers want to take across the plains?"

"No, colonel, I do not," said the captain, with an inquiring look.

"Well," said he, "if you'll believe me, there's one of them wants to take across a box of books."

"Books!" exclaimed the captain, "what next, I wonder! Now, colonel, I have but little to take across myself—nothing, in fact, but a barrel of whiskey."

"Of course, captain, of course. Anything in reason, anything in *reason;* but the idea of carrying a parcel of books across that stretch is a little more than I can stand."

COLONEL SKINNER, OF TEXAS.

"Colonel Skinner, of Texas," who was going it on "a high figure," before the right kind of audience, thus settled a long disputed fact in history, and "elevated" himself.

"Feller citizens!" said he, with a very knowing look, "I was at the battle where Tecumsey was killed—*I* was. I commanded a regiment there—*I* did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumsey—*I* wont! But this much I will say: Tecumsey was killed by one of *my* pistols,

and, gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature to say if a man would be very *apt* to lend out his pistol on an occasion of that sort."

THE CHAPLAIN AND SOLDIER.

"Reflect, my brethren," exhorted a chaplain, "that whosoever falls this day in battle, sups to-night in Paradise."

The fight began, the ranks wavered, the chaplain took to his heels, when a soldier stopping reproachfully, referred him to the promise in Paradise.

"True, my son, true," said the chaplain, "but I never eat supper."

A MILITARY TOAST.

Many years ago there was originated in Lowell, Massachusetts, a military company which was and now is, one of the best and most popular military companies in the State.

Captain James D—— was its first commander. He could neither write nor speak so well as he could *fight*, as was *not* said of "Old Hickory," of patriotic memory. But he had his perils to encounter. On a great occasion, a military company from Salem was to visit the "Spindle City," and a grand military and civic reception was voted.

Captain D——, for the reason above hinted at, as he was to be the prominent man of the occasion, on the Lowell side, went to a subaltern and pleaded for a "*toast* short and to the point"—that he might commit to memory for the memorable occasion. After understanding his wishes, it was duly prepared as follows: "The Salem Light Infantry! Let the enemies of our country look on such troops, and tremble!"

"Capital!" said the captain, "that will do finely."

At length the time arrived and thousands were in attendance. The festive board was crowned and crowded. Captain D—— was in his glory. When called on to give the compliment of welcome, he rose majestically and a hush was on the multitude. He broke the silence by roaring in a stentorian voice, "Fellow soldiers, and fellow citizens! I give you our distinguished guests, the Salem Light Infantry. Let OUR COUNTRY look on *sich* troops and tremble!"

There was no need of cannon to respond to *that* sentiment. The roar of the multitude in which our "distinguished guests" most heartily joined well nigh "cracked the welkin."

AN IRISH SERVANT.

A St. Louis correspondent of Harper's Monthly relates the following of the servant of a friend of his while in the army.

"In 1823, Michael, came to Lieutenant C——, at Fort Dearborn, to

hire. He said 'Faith, he had lost his char-ac-ter:' he 'lost it three months before at Montreal entirely.' However, the lieutenant took him, and as he was soon after ordered to the military post at Council Bluffs, he took Michael and a fine setter dog 'Close' with him, in a bark canoe, as far as St. Louis, then a mere village, where he expected to take the steamer *Mandan* for the Bluffs,—the first steamer that ever ascended the Missouri river.

"When they had drawn up the canoe on the beach, the lieutenant ordered Michael to shoulder his trunk and follow him with 'Close' to the hotel. After walking a short distance, he heard a violent altercation round the corner he had just passed. On going back to see what it could be, there was Michael with a poor cadaverous-looking Frenchman up against the fence, pommeling him with his fists (having set the trunk down in the street), saying, 'I'll knock your two eyes into one, so I will, you kicked the leftenant's dog!' With some difficulty the poor frightened Frenchman was released, and Michael made to understand that kind of work would not answer.

"Poor Michael was an honest creature, a second Mickey Free, but he in time acquired the habit of drinking too much, for which he was discharged. On account of this fault he never remained long in one situation, and when out of one he regularly came back to Lieutenant C—— for a home, which was always kindly given him for weeks at a time.

"The lieutenant got married, and it was not so pleasant for his wife to see a drunken man in the kitchen, sleeping on a chair. So one day, after hearing the cook complain of his being forever in the kitchen, she requested her husband to talk to him, and tell him it was high time to find a place as she could not have him there any longer. In the afternoon he met Lieutenant C——, and slapping him on the back, said, 'Well, leftenant, I'll have fur to lave you' (sniffling). 'I'm verry sorry, but I'll have fur to lave you—I could live with the leftenant all my life; but indade I couldn't live with your wife—she's too hard to plaze intirely!'

"A few years after Lieutenant C——, with others was ordered South to the Choctaw Nation. Michael went along as servant to one of the officers, still claiming his old home when out of a place, which now became very frequent. Quarters in the encampment being very limited, a tent was pitched in a corner of the yard for Michael's accommodation. One time he had been missing for a week; nothing had been seen or heard from him. Mrs. C—— really hoped he had found a better home on some of the plantations around the camp; but one evening, at twilight, as they were sitting at their cabin-door, with some friends, a dark object was seen coming up the hill in front of the house,

which at first was supposed to be a drunken Indian. As it came nearer, it proved to be Michael very much intoxicated, sitting on an old Indian pony, without either saddle or bridle. As he rode up the dog barked violently at him. Lieutenant C——, seeing his situation, went to him and took the horse by the mane, to lead him round to the tent. Michael said, 'Oh! leftenant, I come back like the prodigal son, I could bear anything, but the dog didn't know me!' Michael was helped off his horse, and put in the tent to sleep away the effects of his dissipation."

DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP.

While at Fort Brown I saw a soldier from the ranks drummed out of the service for theft. It was a very novel and amusing sight. He had his head shaved, and his military coat, hat, and accoutrements taken from him—his blue pants, with the red stripe of the artillery, he alone retained, to show his former calling. At evening parade he was called in front of the ranks and publicly dismissed, the officer of the day reading his crime and the penalty aloud in full. He was then obliged to walk three times around the parade ground, with the corporal and sergeant of the guard following him closely, with bayonets pointed downward, the fifer and two drummers playing "right merrily" the tune of "Poor old soldier, I hope the devil won't catch you," a gay, mocking air, reserved especially for occasions of this kind. He put on a regular Jack Shepherd or Dick Turpin swagger, and in passing the commanding officer's quarters, shouted out to a group there assembled for a subscription for a wig. A prick from the two bayonets soon put him in mind of the flagrant breach of respect, but it did not seem to cure him, as, on his last round, he called to the orderly of the day, who stood with military bearing and a wooden face: "Good-bye, Tom! God bless you, my son!" The orderly's face became still more wooden and unresponsive to this remark, as in duty bound, and a severe prick from the guard produced another strong reminder of duty. At the gate of the garrison he was ejected, and went off probably to buy himself a wig, while the guard marched rapidly back to the guard-house, followed by the fifer and drummers playing the tune of "The Dashing White Sergeant," a sound inspiriting enough to give the soldier fresh strength on the weariest march, or call the most lagging recruit to his post.—Mrs. Viele's "*Following the Drum.*"

MOORE'S MELODIES.

An Irish soldier was once sent to the guard-house for being drunk and disorderly. While there he was particularly noisy, and the lieutenant, O'Grady, whose Irish was unquestionable, ordered him to stop

his noise. Mike, who imagined all the time that he was singing as beautiful as a lark, exclaimed, in extreme disgust, "Och! that I should ever live to hear an O'Grady call Moore's Melodies a noise."

"WOOH! WOOH! SHTOP!"

In the days of militia training, there was an old German who commanded the "Corn Cob Rangers." On "training" day he was exercising his men near a creek, and had marched them in line nearly to the bank of the stream. In his excitement he forgot the proper command, and called out: "*Wooh! wooh! shtop!*"

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE TAYLOR.

The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his Grace rode up, while the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name.

"Taylor," he was answered.

'A very good name, too," remarked Wellington; "Cheer up, my men; our Taylor will soon make a *pair of breaches* in the walls!" At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation: a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The West India regiments in the Colonial service of the British Government are composed principally of Africans recruited at Sierra Leone and St. Helena, in a great measure from among slaves captured by British cruisers on the coast. They are, generally speaking, very fine troops, and, considering the low order of intellect which may be expected to characterize men just redeemed from a savage state, manœuver with a steadiness and precision which are very remarkable. They are, however, mere animal machines, moving in the specific direction assigned to them, without the smallest exercise of individual will or discretion. Commands are executed strictly *au pied de la lettre.* Tell an African sentry to admit *no one* within a given precinct, and he would deny ingress to the Queen, or the Angel Gabriel, or—still more important in his sight—to the commanding officer himself. An instance of this literal adherence to orders occurred some time since at Jamaica, which may fill a niche in this collection.

When the —— West India regiment was stationed at Up Park Camp, near Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, one of the ranges of officer's quarters, occupied principally by subalterns of the regiment,

became nocturnally the scene of orgies not very creditable to the moral reputation of the corps, and especially annoying to a married officer who occupied quarters at the end of the same range. Remonstrances produced only a temporary and modified relaxation of the objectionable revels, which soon resumed their sway, and eventually a complaint was made to Lieut. Colonel ——, who commanded the regiment. Colonel —— was himself a married man, and at once determined on taking effectual measures to put a stop to the improprieties complained of. This he did in a very radical way, by ordering the sentries at the west and south entries to the camp to admit no women after tattoo at eight o'clock at night. Shortly after this order had been given, the wife of Colonel ——, and Mrs. ——, the lady who had been so offended by the proceedings above alluded to, went to visit a family residing within a few hundred yards of the west gate. The sun was setting, and no longer rendered walking disagreeable, the distance was very short, and the ladies walked, instead of riding as is usual in the West Indies, even when the distance to be traversed only extends from street to street. From some cause or other the visit was prolonged to a later hour than was originally contemplated, and it was about ten o'clock when the ladies arrived at the west gate and proceeded unceremoniously to pass the sentry, a sturdy African, as stolid as a door-post, and as firm as the pillar beside which he was stationed.

"Who go da?" shouted the sentry, at the same time bringing down his bayoneted rifle across the gateway.

"Ladies—friends!" exclaimed Mrs. Col. ——, smiling.

"*Fellend*, o' no *fellend*!—wa' me knows?—'oman-a no come in!" replied the African.

"But surely you'll let us in—won't you?"

"Go 'way! *Cunnell* no want-a woman, ya'!"

"But don't you know who we are? We must come in!" said Mrs. Captain ——, in a somewhat more serious tone.

"You no woman?—woman no fo' come in," was the dogged reply.

"This is nonsense!" said Mrs. Colonel ——. "I must come in—" at the same time endeavoring to put aside the sentry's musket, which barred the entrance.

This movement, however, was too great a trial for the latter's forbearance. Considering it no less than an attempt to force a way into the cantonment in breach of garrison regulations, he withdrew his rifle just far enough to enable him to make a heavy lunge with his bayonet, in doing which Mrs. Colonel —— became securely pinned by her crinoline to the gate-post. The situation, and the actual danger to her person which she had so narrowly escaped, produced a loud scream from Mrs. ——, which called up the Corporal of the Guard, a powerful

African named Mingo Cuffee. He at once called out the guard, and proceeded to ascertain the cause of alarm.

"What all dis noise?" inquired Mingo, with becoming authority.

"Woman make force fo' come in?" was the official reply.

"Ha! make 'em go 'way," rejoined the corporal.

"Corporal Mingo," said Mrs. ——, in a tone of indignation, "let us in, this minute, or you shall be reported. This is the colonel's lady, and I am—"

"Wha' me know who you? Colonel lady—lieutenant lady—all same *woman*," answered the corporal.

Fortunately, about this time a subaltern officer of the regiment, who had been dining in town rode up to the gate, and perceiving the state of affairs, interposed his authority in behalf of the unfortunate ladies. Even his efforts, however, were of no avail, further than to secure the release of Mrs. Colonel —— from her unpleasant connection with the gate-post. The Adjutant, luckily, had not gone to bed, and, on hearing the circumstances, hastened to the gate and solved the difficulty.

"You stupid fellow!" he said to the corporal, "you were not ordered to prevent virtuous women, belonging to the garrison, from coming in."

"Virtue woman-o—no virtue woman-o—how can tell 'em 'na dark?" replied the corporal, shrugging his shoulders—with which profound bit of moral philosophy the ladies were obliged to content themselves for an hour's detention.

CONSOLATION.

The 3d West India regiment, which had been stationed for several years in the Island of Jamaica, was some time ago relieved by the 2d West India, from Demarara, the latter regiment marching into quarters at the Park Camp, as the former marched out for embarkation. The outgoing regiment, as usual in such cases, was attended on the march by a large crowd of sorrowing damsels and children, who filled the air with dismal howlings. One child, a girl about six years old, particularly attracted the notice of a sergeant of the regiment by the shrillness of her sorrow.

"Wha' you cry for?" he inquired, in a tone half of pity, half of contempt.

"Me cry because my daddy da go, hi!" whimpered the little girl.

"Fool-a you!" rejoined the sergeant. "Wha you cry for? One-a daddy gone—'noder daddy-a no come?"

STORMING OF THE REDOUBT.

A friend of mine, a soldier who died of the fever in Greece, some years since, related to me one day his experience in his first battle.

His story interested me so much that I took the first opportunity of writing it down from memory:

"I joined my regiment on the evening of September fourth. I found the colonel in the camp, and he received me bluntly enough; but after having read General B.'s letter of recommendation, his manner changed, he addressed me kindly, and presented me to my captain, who had just returned from a reconnoissance. This captain, whose acquaintance I hardly had time to make, was a large, dark-complexioned man, with hard and repulsive features. He had been a private soldier, and had earned his cross and epaulets upon the battle-field. His voice, which was weak and husky, contrasted strangely with his giant-like figure. I was told that this weakness of voice was owing to a shot he had received at Jena. Hearing that I was from the school at Fontainebleau, he said, with an expressive grimace, 'My lieutenant died yesterday.' I understood what he meant. 'You will have to take his place, and you are not fit. A sharp answer came to my lips, but I held my tongue.

"The moon came up behind the fortifications of Cheverino (which were at two cannon shots' distance from our camp), looking large and red as usual at its rising; but this evening it seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt showed black against its brilliant disc, resembling the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption. An old soldier, who stood near by, remarked the color of the moon. 'It is very red,' said he; 'that is a sign that we shall have hard work to take that famous redoubt.' I have always been somewhat superstitious, and this prediction, at such time, sensibly affected me. I lay down but could not sleep. I arose, and walked back and forth for some time, watching the long line of lights which blazed on the heights above the village of Cheverino. When I thought the fresh, bracing night air had sufficiently cooled my blood, I returned to the fire, wrapped myself in my cloak and shut my eyes, hoping not to open them again till morning. But sleep would not come to me. Insensibly, my thoughts took a gloomy turn; I remembered that I had not a single friend among the hundred thousand men that covered that plain. If I were wounded, I should be placed in hospital and treated carelessly by unskillful surgeons. All that I had ever read or heard of surgical operations came back to my mind; my heart beat painfully, and I involuntarily arranged in the fashion of a breast-plate the handkerchief and portfolio which I carried in my bosom. I was very tired, but if I dozed those gloomy images were continually recurring, and I awoke with a start of terror. At length fatigue overcame me, and when the reveille beat I was sleeping soundly. We were drawn up in line, the roll was called, and then our arms were stacked, and everything promised a quiet day.

"About three o'clock an aid-de-camp bearing orders rode up. The troops were summoned to arms; and the artillery drawn out on the plain, while we followed slowly, and in twenty minutes saw the advance guard of the Russians retire within their fortifications. A body of artillery was stationed on our right, and another on our left, both at a considerable distance in advance of us, who opened a sharp fire upon the enemy, which was energetically returned, and soon the fortifications of Cheverino were lost to sight beneath thick clouds of smoke. Our regiment was almost completely sheltered from the fire of the Russians by a rise of ground. Their bullets, when they were aimed at us, which was seldom, for they fired chiefly upon the artillery companies, passed over our heads, or at most threw upon us earth and stones. As soon as the order to advance was given, my captain turned upon me an inquiring look, which forced me to stroke my nascent moustache with as nonchalant an air as I could assume. And in fact, I was not frightened; the only anxiety I felt was lest I should be suspected of fear. The harmless bullets contributed not a little to produce my heroic calmness. Vanity whispered that I was in great danger, being at last under the fire of a battery, and I was delighted to find myself so comfortable, promising myself the pleasure of relating the capture of Cheverino in the drawing rooms of Madame de Saint Luxan, in the Rue de Provence.

"Our colonel rode along the line, and accosted me: 'Well,' said he, 'you will have a jolly time for your *début!*' I smiled complacently, and with a soldier-like air, as I brushed the sleeve of my coat, which a bullet, striking some thirty paces off, had covered with dust. It seemed as if the Russians perceived the small effect of their fire, for they now began to send shells instead of bullets as being more likely to tell upon us in our sheltered situation. Presently one burst with a terrific explosion, killing a man close by me, and knocking off my hat. 'I congratulate you,' said the captain, as I picked up my hat; 'you are safe for to-day.' I was not ignorant of the military superstition which holds that *non bis in idem* is as good an axiom for the battle-field as for a court of justice, and I put on my hat with a defiant air, saying, as gaily as I could, 'This is rather an unceremonious way of making a man salute,' which forlorn joke seemed excellent considering the circumstances. 'I congratulate you,' again exclaimed the captain; 'you will not get a scratch, and you will command a company this evening, for I shall get my discharge to-day. Every time I have been wounded, the officer next in command has been struck by a spent ball; and,' added he in a lower tone, as if ashamed of his superstitious feelings, 'their names always began with P.' I felt encouraged; most men would have been, as I was, struck with these prophetic words. Novice

as I was, I felt that I could unbosom myself to no one, and that it was incumbent upon me to appear always coolly intrepid.

"In half an hour the fire of the enemy sensibly decreased, and we left our shelter to attack the redoubt. Our regiment consisted of three battalions. The second had orders to charge upon the redoubt from the valley side, the other two were to make the first attack. I was in the third battalion. As we emerged from behind the natural rampart that had protected us, we were greeted with several discharges of musketry, which, however, did but little mischief in our ranks. The whistling of the balls surprised me, I could not help turning my head, and thus got laughed at by my companions, who had become more familiar with the sound. On the whole, said I to myself, a battle is not so very terrible, after all. We advanced quickly, preceded by the artillery. Suddenly the Russians gave three shouts, and then were silent and ceased firing. 'I don't like that silence,' said my captain; 'it bodes no good.' I thought our troops were somewhat too noisy, and could not help comparing their tumultuous shouts with the imposing stillness of the enemy.

"We soon reached the foot of the redoubt; the palisades had been broken, and the earth plowed up by our fire. The soldiers rushed in over these ruins with cries of '*Vive l'Empereur*,' louder than could have been expected from men who had already shouted so much. I raised my eyes, and shall never forget the spectacle which met them. The smoke had risen, and hung like a canopy, twenty feet above the redoubt. Through the blue vapor, I saw behind the battered parapet, the Russian grenadiers with pieces raised, motionless as statues. I can still see those men, each with his left eye fastened upon us, the other concealed by his musket. In an embrasure a few feet distant, stood a man close by a cannon and holding a firebrand. I shuddered, for I thought my last hour had come. 'The ball is going to begin!' cried my captain; 'good night!' They were the last words I heard him utter. The drums beat in the redoubt; I saw the muskets lowered; I shut my eyes, and heard a horrible crash, followed by cries and groans. I opened my eyes astonished to find myself alive; the redoubt was again enveloped in smoke, and I was surrounded by the dead and wounded. My captain lay at my feet; he had been struck in the head by a shot, and I was covered with his brains and blood. Of all my company there remained but six men besides myself.

"A moment of stupor succeeded this slaughter. The colonel, waving his chapeau on the point of his sword, was the first to scale the parapet, shouting '*Vive l'Empereur*!' and was followed by all the surviving soldiers. I have scarcely a clear recollection of what ensued. We entered the redoubt, I know not how, and fought hand to hand in a

smoke so thick that we could not see each other. I must have struck some one, for I found my sabre all bloody. At last I heard the shout of victory, and the smoke clearing, I saw the heaps of dead bodies and the pools of blood which covered the ground. The cannons, too, were almost hidden by the corpses of those who had fallen. About two hundred men in French uniform were standing in disorder, some loading their muskets, others wiping their bayonets, and with them eleven Russians, prisoners.

"The colonel had thrown himself, pale and bleeding, on a broken *caisson*, near the entrance. The soldiers pressed around him: I approached also. 'Where is the senior captain?' he asked of a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulder significantly. 'And the senior lieutenant?' 'This gentleman, who arrived yesterday,' answered the sergeant with perfect coolness. The colonel smiled bitterly. 'Come, sir,' said he to me, 'you are commander-in-chief; see that the entrance to the redoubt is promptly fortified with these wagons, for the enemy is in force; however, General C. will relieve us shortly.' 'Colonel,' said I, 'you are grievously hurt.' 'Cut to pieces, dear fellow, but the redoubt is ours!"

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident related by an eye-witness, took place in Ireland in the autumn of 1823:

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn" when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof in front sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow, in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers.

Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady;" the speaker was the old woman. "Come down, now, to your poor old mother. Shure, it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I give ye. Come down, Thady darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down now, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye."

The tone of the present appeal was more promptly and sternly pronounced.

"It's honor, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"Oh, Thady, come down! Shure, it's me, your Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down, then."

The poor girl rung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honor—honor bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his looks steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!"

"Thady, ye fool, come down!"

"Oh, Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honor, mother! It's honor, brother! Honor bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress.

It appeared that he had been home on a furlough to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, yer honor—bad luck to it, of all the black days in the world—and here it is come sudden on me like a shot."

"The first of March? Why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare, then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is leap-year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck.

"Twenty-nine days, is it? You're sartin of that same! Oh, mother, mother!—ill luck fly away wid yer old almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be decaven one after living so long in the family of us."

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah. His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third was to wring my hand off in an acknowledgment.

"It's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honor's means. Long life to your honor for the same! May ye live a long hundred, and leap years every one of them!"

BEST MAN AND HORSE.

General Shelley, on passing a review of an English cavalry corps, had this dialogue with one of the sergeants: "Which is the best horse in

the squadron?" said the general. "The horse No. 40." "What qualities has he which make him the best?" "He runs and leaps well, has no defects in his limbs nor health, is fat, carries his head high, has good blood, and is in the prime of his age." "And who is the best soldier in the squadron?" "The best soldier is Tom Jones." "And why is he the best?" "Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, clean, takes care of his equipments, his arms, and his horse, and is exact in the performance of his duties." "And to whom does the best horse belong?" "It is mine, general." "And who is the best soldier?" "Your humble servant, general." The general laughed, and gave the man a present of money, which he received with imperturbable gravity.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE SAVED BY HIS BEING SHOT.

A young officer, who was attached to Wolfe's army in the battle of Abraham, was apparently dying of an abscess in the lungs; and, though being absent from his regiment on a "sick leave," nevertheless resolved to join it when the battle was expected: "For," said he, "since I am given over, I had better be doing my duty; and my life being shortened a few days matters not." He did rejoin it, and received a shot which pierced the abscess, and made an opening for it to discharge, and afterwards recovered from the disease and the wound, and lived to the age of eighty years, the wound having saved his life, without doubt.

WHAT WOMEN PRIZE MOST.

When the Fortress of Weinsburg, Germany, was about to be stormed, the women obtained permission to come out, carrying with them whatever they deemed most valuable. What was the surprise of the besiegers when they issued from the gate, each carrying her husband on her back. We should be quite as much surprised, now-a-days, to see the women carrying out their husbands in that way, as they generally consider them anything else than "valuable," and are glad of any excuse to get clear of them.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

The French Army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. The sentinels were doubled, and very strict orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this beat, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the men had been posted, "you must keep

your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?"

"Aye, mon colonel, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us, and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men nor brutes."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer as he brought his firelock to his shoulders and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp, or around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine, in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

"The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floated overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow, steady tread, the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicion. He had stopped for a moment close by the side of the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild scream from the wood, and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"*Parbleu!*" he muttered, after the night bird had flown over; "could mortal man have stopped that fellow passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing wrong in letting the bird pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object crossing the line toward the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing the musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced toward the spot where the object stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move on again toward the camp.

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any further and I fire! What, pardieu! Le Prince? Ho, ho; why, Prince!"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap upon the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince," Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast which had now sat upon his

haunches. Pierre recognized the intruder as a great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been missing for about a week. He disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu! mon grand Prince," Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word; "the men will be happy to see you; where have you been so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, mon ami, you just keep your sitting there, until the guard comes, and then we will go to the camp together. Mind that, will you?"

And with these words uttered with solemn emphasis and due meaning. Pierre started on his beat again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. Le Prince was moving toward the camp again.

"Ha! Prince, that won't do! Stop! stop! or I'll shoot! Diable! the colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! down, I say."

With this the dog lay flat on his belly, and stretched out his forepaws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and on turning he could see his uneasy companion making off.

"Diable!" the honest fellow muttered; "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! parbleu! come here! Here, Prince! Mon Dieu! you must die if you don't!

With a few bounds the soldier had got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped he stopped.

"Mon cher ami, you must stay with me! Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to raise the whole camp for to shoot a dog!"

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested until the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince will be relieved," the soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was prepar-

ing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction this time, starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! Parbleu! don't you run off again."

But the animal took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back! back! Here."

"Grand Dieu!" This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus. In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the outlines now, and he fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn to the guard who were approaching.

"*Qui est là?*—Who is there? he cried."

"Relief guard," was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer what had happened.

"A dog," cried the officer, "Prince, did you say?"

"He looked like Prince; but, diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!"

"Eh? Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come; show us where he was."

With this the officer of the mounting guard pulled the lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"Grand Dieu!" he exclaimed, "what legs for a dog, eh!"

And no wonder he did so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the genus man.

But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me!" in the Prussian tongue followed.

"Diable, here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and lifting the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some twenty years of age; but

he was dead, Pierre's ball having touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cypher, but no one could make anything out. The colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher, which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian, to lay his plans for keeping as near to Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and delivered him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in too, but for the sportive order of the colonel, and the willfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancoin.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and the Emperor said to him, as he bestowed the boon—If you only make as faithful an officer, as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more.

GARIBALDI AND THE WOUNDED BOY.

When Garibaldi arrived at Barcelona, he first directed his steps to the ambulance, to visit the wounded of Medici's two skirmishes, who numbered perhaps fifty persons. He stopped with surprise before the bed of a beardless boy, whom he recognized at once as a little acquaintance, Quinto, who had been, a short time before, sent off to Genoa. Garibaldi inquired how he got there wounded. The boy, much embarrassed, made his confession. He had scampered across the fields, had gained the high road to Messina, and followed on until he caught up with the army of Medici. When Medici sent forward his reconnoitering party toward Melazzo, and became engaged with the enemy, Quinto watched his chance, till one of the men fell; then he seized the fallen man's gun and accoutrements, and bounded forward into the thickest of the fight.

"And that's the way, you little rascal," said Garibaldi, smiling, "that you have got yourself maimed. Where is your wound?"

"In the back, general," replied Quinto, manifesting some confusion.

"Oh! oh!" said Garibaldi, with a smile of pity. "You see now, *coglione*, that war is no child's play. I hope the wound is not dangerous?"

"Oh, no; only a spent ball."

Garibaldi walked away with a shrug of his shoulders. In the back? The poor boy understood the insinuation only too well, but could not, at the moment, find a word with which to justify himself. But when the general was gone, he rolled on his bed of straw, shedding tears of rage and humiliation.

The general had not seen the young volunteer for the last time. The incidents which accompanied the battle of Melazzo are known. At the most critical moment, when the Dictator was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight in his own defense, he saw suddenly re-appear at his side the young volunteer he had left the evening before. "What, that boy again!" exclaimed Garibaldi. But at the same moment the poor boy made an effort to show his bleeding breast, and uttering a cry, worthy of a hero of antiquity—"This time, general, it is on the good side!"—he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet.—*Correspondent London Times.*

COURTESIES OF WAR.

Perhaps one of the most interesting anecdotes of the courtesies of war is that beautiful trait of the French dragoon, who came across Felton Harvey, of the Fourteenth Light Dragoons, in a cavalry skirmish. Harvey had lost an arm, and as they approached each other, instinctively raised his stump to endeavor to save his head from the coming blow; but the Frenchman, perceiving the disabled condition of his opponent, instead of cutting at him, dropped his sword to the salute, and galloped past.

NO SOLDIER.

In addressing a jury, upon one occasion, the celebrated Lord Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer, who was present. Upon hearing himself several times contemptuously spoken of as "the soldier," the son of Mars, boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader: "Don't call me a soldier, sir, I am an officer!" Lord Jeffrey immediately went on: "Well, gentlemen, this officer, *who is no soldier*, was the sole cause of all the mischief that had occurred.

TROPHIES OF WAR.

Near St. Sevier, in France, there lives, or did live, an old soldier with a false leg, a nose of silver (covered with a material resembling

flesh), a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, and a silver plate replacing a part of his skull. He won these trophies under Napoleon I.

THE ASTONISHED CAT.

Among other officers who fell at Waterloo was one of the wildest youths that ever belonged to the British service. He seemed to have a prophetic notion of his approaching end, for he repeatedly told us, in the early part of the morning, that he believed the devil would have him before night. I shall relate one anecdote of him, which occurred while we were in Spain. He went, by chance, to pass the day with two officers, quartered at a neighboring village, who happened to be, that day, engaged to dine with a clergyman. Knowing their visitor's mischievous propensities, they were at first afraid to make him one of the party; but, after schooling him into a suitable propriety of behavior, and exacting a promise of implicit obedience, they, at last, ventured to take him. On their arrival, the ceremony of introduction had just been gone through, and their host seated at an open window, when a favorite cat of his went purring about the young gentleman's boots, who, catching it by the tail, and giving it two or three preparatory swings round his head, sent it flying out of the window where the parson was sitting, who only escaped it by suddenly stooping. The only apology the youngster made for his conduct was, "Egad, I think I astonished that fellow!" but whether it was the cat or the parson he meant never could be ascertained.

LITTLE JULES.

"By Jove," cried little Jules, one bright morning in July, "if I only had a gun!" and he pushed away, with indignation, the chestnut ringlets that clustered around his youthful forehead, struck the table with his clenched fist, his youthful blood boiling in his veins at the sight of friends and brothers murdered in cold blood; then he approached the window, and leaning his smooth, burning cheeks against the panes, which shook with the firing of the royal troops, his eyes filled with tears of grief and indignation as he beheld the terrible massacre in the streets, and gazed on the result of a monarch's stupidity and a court's corruption. "Mamma! mamma!" he exclaimed, "only look, there are some poor fellows carried off on a litter; they must be dead or dying."

"Oh, my God, Jules, come from the window."

"And look, look, there are some fellows who are bruised and wounded. By Jove, if I only had a gun!"

His mother, alarmed at Jules' extreme agitation, drew him from the window, and endeavored to divert his mind, but he escaped from her kind solicitude, ran up the stairs, four steps at a time, up into the gar-

ret, where, among other antiquities, he found an old and rather rusty musket; and little Jules clapped his hands in ecstacy and exclaimed: "By Jove, I have got a gun at last!"

It was rather heavy for so youthful and inexperienced an arm; but what is impossible to a generous and intrepid heart, though it beat in a bosom of a boy of twelve? Little Jules raised his musket, which just suited him, and stepped down stairs with his precious burden, "pedo suspenso," for fear of alarming his anxious and watchful mother. But when Jules got into the street, he found his rusty and heavy musket not loaded. Luckily, as he thought, a grocer's store stood next door to his mother's house; he ran into the shop and exclaimed: "Do not be afraid, I am your friend, Jules; load my gun, good fellow, and make haste; by Jove, I will give it to them, yet!"

"What! you too!" cried the astonished grocer.

"Load it, load it, and don't talk to me;" replied Jules.

"But you are too young to fight," remonstrated the friendly grocer; "they will kill you, Jules; do you not hear the cannons, and the dreadful firing?—just listen!"

But Jules stamped his foot, and answered only, "By Jove, old man, do not chatter so, but load my gun!" and the grocer, finding all entreaties vain, did as he was commanded, and loaded the gun. Jules, after casting one lingering and affectionate glance at the windows of his mother's house, rushed into the street, already strewed with dead bodies. "Oh, my God!" he murmured to himself, though even at this dreadful sight the courage of the boy failed him but for a moment. Just in front of him was a regiment of the king's household troops. An officer in glittering uniform, with a drawn sword and threatening gestures, was leading them on to a new and ruthless charge. Jules gazed for a moment at the terrific scowl and imperious voice with which the officer encouraged the massacre, and murmured once more to himself, "By Jove, I have got a gun!" He posted himself behind a low wall, rested his musket on the top of it, took a long, deliberate aim, and fired. The officer in brilliant uniform fell from his horse, shot directly through the heart. Jules rushed into the house, ran to his mother's room, and told her in triumph how he had killed "his country's foe!" The trembling mother pressed him in silence to her beating heart, and had engraved on the old musket these few but expressive words, "*Paris, July* 28, 1830.

THE DOG ARTILLERIST.

A French work, entitled "*Le Histoire des chiens célèbres*, contains the following anecdote, which, however remarkable, is said to be founded on truth:

"Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonging to a captain of artillery, raised from his birth in the midst of camps, always accompanied his master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagement he remained near the cannon to which his master was attached, and carried the match in his mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoy, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding upon the ground, the dog became desperate and howled piteously. Just at that moment a body of French soldiers were advancing to gain possession of the piece, which was still aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. As if with a view to revenge his master's death, *Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and applied it to the cannon, loaded with case-shot!* Seventy men fell upon the spot, and the remainder took to flight! After this bold stroke, the dog laid down sadly near the dead body of his master, and remained there twenty-two hours without food. He was at length with difficulty removed by the comrades of the deceased. This gallant greyhound was afterwards presented to George II., who had him taken care of as a brave and faithful public servant."

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

"The clinging of the dogs to their master's corpses was most remarkable and interesting. At the commencement of the retreat, at a village near Selino, a detachment of fifty of the enemy had been surprised. The peasants resolved to bury them alive in a pit. A drummer-boy bravely led the devoted party, and sprang into the grave. A dog belonging to one of the victims could not be secured; every day, however, the dog went to the neighboring camp and came back with a bit of food in his mouth, to sit and moan over the newly-turned earth. It was a fortnight before he could be killed by the peasants, afraid of discovery."—*Sir R. Watson's Russian Campaign of* 1812.

NOBODY KILT BUT YOURSELF.

A soldier who was once wounded in battle, set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman who lay near, with both legs shot off, immediately sung out—"Bad luck to the likes of ye—do ye think that nobody is kilt but yourself?"

GARIBALDI'S SOLDIER-MONK.

The renowned Father Giovanni, Garibaldi's soldier-monk, displayed great courage at the battle of Melazzo. Unarmed, only bearing the cross in his hand, he ran along the ranks, cheering and animating the

volunteers to the fight, constantly shouting to them: "Fear not! God is on our side! Mark, I, his minister, am the foremost to expose myself to the grape-shot and the volley of musketry, yet I remained unscathed! Charge, Italians, charge!" And still, as he shouted, he waved aloft the cross. Setting them this example, and repeating aloud passages from Scripture, he cheered on the soldiers to some purpose; as by their indomitable courage they carried the strong position of Melazzo.

PEACE AND WAR.

"I say, Jim," said Corporal Jones to Private Smith, "what did you enlist for?"

"Well, I don't know, corporal," was the reply, "unless it was because I like war. But what did you enlist for?"

"I?" replied the corporal, "I enlisted because I liked *peace.*"

The corporal was a married man.

INCIDENT AFTER THE FALL OF DELHI.

Our men seemed to fraternize most with the Rifles, at least I judge so from the following:

Private Blank is brought in much bruised. "Well, Pat, how have you been hurt?"

"Why, a drunken beast of an elephant knocked me down, and then punched me with his head."

"Ah! that is singular. Are you quite sure that you were not drunk yourself?"

"Certain, but the two Rifles with me were in an awful state."

"I dare say, but I never heard of an intoxicated elephant before."

"At any rate, your honor, the driver, who ought to know, said that the beast had been drinking."

Inquiry here ceased. Paddy was quite too strong in mother-wit.

THE FIRST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILEERS AFTER THE FALL OF DELHI.

When the bugle sounded our advance upon the town, our surgeon, who had formed our hospital about two hundred yards to the right of the column, rode up, and asked one of the men if any one had been injured. "Oh yes," said one of the Fusileers, "only Jamieson has been hit through the poch." "Poor fellow," observed the doctor, "what struck him?" "A round shot," was the answer. "A round shot through the paunch!" exclaimed the surgeon, not catching at the word; "why, the man must be killed outright; where is he?" "There, to be sure," was the reply. The doctor, most anxious to see this interesting case, hurried to Jamieson, No. 4 Company, and then

found that it was only the cartouch-pouch which had been torn from his back by a twelve-pounder shot, without injuring him in the least.

HAIR-CUTTING.

A colonel of an English volunteer regiment, who was a rigid disciplinarian, once issued an order that the men's hair should be cut closer. Next morning, on parade, he pointed out four men, whose hair had not been cut close enough; and, on the following day, called the same men to the front, when a titter ran through the company, which soon broke out in a decided laugh. On the four men being directed to take off their caps, they presented four bare skulls, having had their heads shaved! The gallant colonel good-naturedly joined in the laugh, but afterwards said, he should not like strangers to be laughing at them, and then ordered the four men to be confined to their barracks for six weeks, when it might be supposed that their hair would be grown sufficiently long for them to appear in public. The men little relished such an unexpected end to their joking.

PIPE-CLAY.

During the war in Affghanistan, in 1841, pipe-clay, an article much used by the soldiers, had become very scarce, and none could be purchased in camp save a small quantity, which two merchants were retailing at a rupee and a half a pound (three shillings sterling), which was more than a soldier's purse was adequate to bear. A substitute was therefore eagerly sought for. A great quantity of it had been discovered in the hills about two miles from camp, which, if prepared properly, would answer as well as the best; and a great amount of this material was brought into camp. Three youthful soldiers, thinking that by going further they could find a better article, and anxious to indulge in the luxury of a walk in the fields, determined to make a trial. They armed themselves with bayonets fastened to the end of sticks. They had proceeded no more than a mile and a half, when eight of the insurgent natives attacked them. One of their number was shot, and the other two, after a desperate struggle, in which they slew two of their assailants, were overpowered. The poor fellows were tied together by their unfeeling enemies, and dragged some distance, where a fire was kindled, and they were tortured with firebrands, until they entreated to be put to death, which wish, after the cruel wretches had become weary of their terrible sport, was granted, and their heads were carried off as a prize. An old shepherd found the three mangled and headless bodies, and brought them into the camp, from which they had departed, a few short hours before, full of life and gayety.

HOW TO FIND A HORSE.

A Cossack soldier in Poland met a Jew riding on a horse in the forest, and the Cossack compelled the Jew to give him his horse. The Jew, when he arrived in town, complained to the major in command, that he had been robbed by one of his soldiers. The Cossacks were paraded, and the culprit pointed out to the major, who was reported to be a rigid disciplinarian. The accused defended himself by declaring that he had *found* the horse.

"What!" exclaimed the Jew; "I was upon his back."

"Yes," replied the soldier, "I found you too, but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you."

The excuse was admitted, and the Jew was dismissed without his horse.

A MARCH.

The troops halted at two o'clock in the morning, and at four they again resumed their march. In the van was the artillery. Along the half-scorched bed of a river lay the road, afterwards stretching across a lovely plain, smooth as a lawn, and covered with a charming green verdure, sparkling with myriads of unknown but lovely flowers. A soft south wind fanned the cheeks of the soldiers, reviving them after the heat of the day with its refreshing coolness. The breeze continued to blow until the sun had sunk in glory behind the misty mountain ranges in the distance. The glorious scene, the pleasant odors of flowers, sent thrills of pleasure to the hearts of the soldiers, and many a cheerful song and hearty chorus rang along the line. Suddenly the breeze died away; the soft blue of the sky slowly grew darker, and finally presented one turbid mass of darkness, putting out the stars and leaving black night behind. The joyful songs and merry jests of the troops gave way to anxiety and gloom. Each step was taken cautiously, and every soldier was oppressed with an undefined feeling of apprehension. They were not left long in doubt. The clouds hung over them, a dull, black canopy; the lightning gleamed in lurid flashes, and the thunder rolled and rattled, nearly drowning the bugle-calls, which sounded incessantly, to guide the footsteps of wanderers. Still the troops marched on, until at length came down the furious storm in all its might and majesty, dashing upon the advancing columns with all the force of a terrible hurricane, blinding and half suffocating the soldier with its fearful energy. The plain, before so beautiful, soon became a lake of water; still on waded the troops. The water rose gradually; at first it reached the ankles, but onward marched the troops, until at length the water became so deep that it was impossible to march further. A halt was ordered, and the soldiers gathered them-

selves as close together as possible, and in that position were obliged to wait the approach of morning. The sufferings undergone by the men during the long, weary hours of that fearful night, are impossible to describe. Cramps of the most violent kind attacked the limbs of some, and others suffered terrible pangs in their stomachs. Many fell down in the water shrieking with agony. At length the wished-for morn appeared, and a more distressing sight than that which presented itself that morning is seldom seen. The suffering of the cattle was even more intense than that of the men, and many died from sheer exhaustion. The troops resumed their march, and at the expiration of ten hours the main body reached a village, but without provisions, tents, or baggage. The rain had ceased at midday, and soon they were safely encamped, and the recollections of the troubles and accidents of their weary march were soon dispelled, and jokes, and songs, and cheerfulness again resumed their sway.—*Abridged from Wilton's Scenes in a Soldier's Life.*

SENSATIONS EXPERIENCED IN BATTLE.

The great German poet Goethe, has given us a curious record of the sensations which he experienced during a battle. In his youth he accompanied the allied army under the Duke of Brunswick, and was present as a spectator at the battle of Valmy, in 1792.

"I had heard so much," he writes, "of the cannon fever, that I wanted to know what kind of thing it was. *Ennui*, and a spirit which every kind of danger excites to daring, nay, even to rashness, induced me to ride up quite coolly to the outwork of La Dane. This was again occupied by our people; but it presented the wildest aspect. The roofs were shot to pieces, the corn-shocks scattered about, the bodies of men mortally wounded stretched upon them here and there, and occasionally a spent cannon ball fell and rattled among the ruins of the tile roofs. Quite alone I rode away on the heights to the left, and could plainly survey the favorable position of the French. They were standing in the form of a semi-circle, in the greatest quiet and security, Kellermann, then on the left wing, being easiest to reach. * * * * I had now arrived quite in the region where balls were playing across me; the sound of them is curious enough, as if it were composed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds. They were the less dangerous by reason of the wetness of the ground; wherever one fell it stuck fast. And thus my foolish experimental ride was secured against the danger at least of the balls rebounding. In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me. I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can only be described by similitude. It

appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown, red tint, which makes the situation, as well as surrounding objects more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this then it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeing arising from it, is produced in us wholly through the ears. For the cannon thunder, the howling and crushing of the balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations. After I had ridden back and was in perfect security, I marked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind."

BEFORE A BATTLE.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader, anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling, which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move on leaden wings; a minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him; a levity which prompts him to laugh, he knows not why, and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon, to lift up a prayer to the throne of grace. On such occasions little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean on their firelocks, the officers on their swords; and few words except monosyllables in reply to questions are spoken. On these occasions too, the faces of the bravest often change color, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety, whilst watches are consulted till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole it is a situation of higher excitement and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to feel all that man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

A PERFECTLY AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

The following droll anecdote is told in the *feuilleton* of a French newspaper published in New York, the contributor having received it direct from Paris, where it is traced to an eye-witness! The military ardor of the *grande nation* was never more pleasantly illustrated; and we agree with the story-teller that "the trait of heroism is worthy of being immortalized." It is thus written down "in all its touching symplicity:"

"The Emperor was reviewing a body of infantry, when his eye was caught by a drummer, with only one arm; but who was nevertheless still playing.

"'Where is your left arm?' said he.

"'At Solferino, sire.'

"'You shall have a pension of 400 francs from my private purse.'

"'And if I should leave my other arm on the same road, sire?'

"'This,' replied Napoleon, pointing to his own rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. 'The Cross!' exclaimed the soldier, and carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the new Porsenna, *with the remaining arm*, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off." The question is *how* he did it?

AN INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL BATTLE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

As one of the rebel vessels was approaching the Union gunboat Cincinnati, the sharpshooters were active trying to kill the officers and insure security for themselves. Their rifles were seen protruding between the cotton bales, and thrust over the top, and numerous bullets whizzed by the ears of the gallant officers. No human figure, however, could be seen, except the man at the wheel; and Captain Stembel, knowing how much depended on removing him, called for a gun, and shot the pilot, who fell, apparently dead.

A few seconds after the pilot of the Cincinnati halloed out: "There is a d—d scoundrel getting ready to shoot you, captain." Stembel looked up, and saw a man pointing a gun at his head, and having discharged his own piece and a pair of revolvers, he stepped forward to screen himself behind the pilot-house. He was too late. Before he had half covered his body with the intervening object, the rebel sent into his left shoulder a ball that passed out of his throat about two inches under the chin. He was picked up and carried below, where he retained his consciousness, and every few seconds opened his eyes and anxiously inquired as to the progress of the battle.

RUBBING IT IN.—SCENE AT THE PARK BARRACKS.

Dramatis Personæ.—A sick and wounded, but good-looking soldier, and an anxious lady nurse in search of a subject:

Lady Nurse.—My poor fellow, can I do anything for you?"

Soldier (emphatically).—No, ma'am! Nothin'!

Lady Nurse.—I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow for you?

Soldier (despairingly).—You may if you want to very bad, but you'll be the fourteenth lady that has done it this blessed mornin'.

CONFLICTING ORDERS.

Some curious things happen in the camp before Richmond, by the conflicting orders of the general officers, which, owing to the constant change taking place among the divisions, are often at total variance with each other:

"All marauding is forbidden by the articles of war, and a severe penalty provided. To-day, however, one of the regiments had struck their tents, and had packed everything up ready to march, and had been waiting some time. The captain of a company in the regiment, wishing to provide for his men, ordered some potatoes, and went to a neighboring negro hut and purchased a pig, paying for it at the time. He then went to the provost marshal and obtained permission to shoot it, and as he was doing so a general officer rode up and ordered his arrest, and the captain was placed in his tent under guard, on the charge of marauding. The charge cannot be substantiated, as he bought and paid for the pig, and obtained the provost marshal's permission to shoot it."

The captain was probably subsequently discharged.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR LIFE.

Among the prisoners captured at Fort Donelson was Sergeant Stanley M. Warner, of the Texas Seventh. This gentleman is a graduate of Norwich University, and a classmate of Lieutenant Colonel Ransom, of the Illinois Eleventh. By one of those remarkable circumstances which mark eventful life, the Texas Seventh and the Illinois Eleventh were pitted against each other, outside of the entrenchments, at Fort Donelson. These two regiments almost annihilated each other, suffering far greater loss than any other on either side. These old classmates and friends were opposed to each other in deadly strife. One of them received an ugly, but not dangerous wound in the shoulder, and the other was taken prisoner.

WHAT A 32-POUNDER CAN DO.

An officer engaged in the fight gives the following description of the accident to the *Essex*, Captain Porter's gunboat, at Fort Henry, and its horrible consequences:

"It was a 32-pounder that did the business, the ball passing through the edge of a bow port, through a strong bulkhead, and plump into the boiler. We only had about sixty pounds of steam on, just enough to stem the current, or there would not have been one man left to tell the tale. As it was, twenty-one were killed and wounded. Porter was standing near the gun, and in the act of giving an order to a bright

young lad named Brittain, the son of a clergyman in New York, when the ball came through, carrying off Brittain's head, before going into the boiler. The pilot-house was directly over the boiler, and the only communication to it was from below. The two pilots had no way of escape, and were literally boiled to death. They thrust their heads out of the little air ports, which was all they could do.

"Some of the crew rushed out into the open air, on the platform in front, with their clothes and skin hanging in threads from their bodies, and with their last breath shouted: 'Hurra for the Union.' Another poor fellow, while dying, being told that the fort had surrendered, said, 'I die content.' Another with blistered hands pulled the string to fire another shot, but the steam had dampened the priming. Seldom has greater heroism been displayed. Several poor fellows jumped overboard to escape the steam and were drowned. Altogether it was an awful scene, the contending ships and the fort, the roar of battle and the hissing steam sending its deadly breath into every pore of the devoted crew."

HOW TO MAKE A ZOUAVE.

French receipt for making a Zouave:—"Take a recruit—keep him forty-eight hours—*nothing to eat;* den march him forty-eight hours—*nothing to eat;* den let him fight like the d—l forty-eight hours—*nothing to eat;* by dam, he one Zouave."

"REMEMBER ME."

"You won't charge anything for re-*membering* me," said a soldier, who had lost his leg, to an artificial leg manufacturer.

HOW TO GET A CAPTAINCY.

A gentleman watching the evolutions of a battalion drill, in a camp near Pittsburg, Pa., a captain of one of the companies attracted his attention. He inquired of a friend the name of the officer:

"Why," was the reply, "that is the famous Captain D——."

"Why famous?" inquired the gentleman; "I never heard of him."

"He is famous for the form of oath he administered to his men, at their enlistment; which was this:

"'You solemnly swear to obey, fight for, and maintain the laws of the Federal Government and Constitution, and support *me* for captain of this company.'"

The reason the last clause was inserted, was because the captain had been quite active in getting up a company before, and when they elected their officers he was left out, not even being made a lieutenant, so this time he was determined to make it sure.

After the company was filled they met for the purpose of electing officers. Being formed in line, Mr. D—— stated to them that the first duty of a soldier was strict obedience to the orders of the officers, and any one guilty of any act of insubordination, would be dealt with in the most summary manner. Officers were to be voted for *viva voce.* Mr. D—— immediately nominated himself for captain, there being several "ayes" distinctly heard. Without calling for the contrary he immediately declared himself elected. Things worked smoothly, all being declared unanimous, until the vote for Orderly Sergeant, when there was a "No" heard from the rear rank. The captain immediately rushed in, seized the offender by the collar, and gave him a thorough shaking, at the same time exclaiming:

"You scoundrel! how dare you show signs of insubordination, so soon after the instructions I gave you? Take your place in the ranks, and never be guilty of such an offense again."

No instance of mutiny has since been known in Captain D——'s company.

SINGULAR COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.

Colonel Willich, commander of the Indiana German Thirty-second, which had the brilliant fight some months since across from Munfordsville, Kentucky, has sent in his report of the loss of his regiment in the action at Pittsburg. They had ten killed and ninety-two wounded. Every single officer and all the privates, with a few exceptions, fought with the utmost bravery and coolness under the hottest fire. "As a proof of the latter, I will mention," says Colonel Willich, "that when their firing became a little 'wild' during the last charge, I stopped the firing and drilled them in the manual of arms, which they all went through as if on the parade ground; they then opened a deliberate, steady and effective fire."

ARMS VS. LEGS.

A youthful member of a rifle corps, in a Scottish town, on his arrival at home a few evenings ago, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his arms. "Arms!" quoth the aged, dryly, "I'm thinkin' gin the French come, ye'll hae mair need of your legs."

A DAY'S ROUTINE OF PRISON LIFE.

Lieut. Grumman, of the Brooklyn Fourteenth Regiment, gives the following account of a day's routine in the Richmond tobacco warehouse. He was taken prisoner on the 18th of November, 1861, and was confined in the tobacco warehouse for nearly four months.

About eight o'clock, the rebel officer of the guard would come in

and go through the roll-call of the prisoners, who, as their names were called off, would pass along to a separate part of the room.

Life was quite monotonous. The two meals of the day, reading the papers, a few minutes down in the yard, songs, carving rings or toys, listening to some yarn-spinner, etc., were about all that could be called in requisition to make the weary days pass along.

The nights were the dreariest. Sometimes, as if by common consent, everything would subside, and while they sat around the fires, after the lights were put out, each would appear to busy himself with the silent musings of his own heart. But these quiet hours were not frequent.

All winter the men have only been allowed two meals a day. The afternoon meal, or dinner, consisted of soup, with rice, etc., and half of a small loaf of bread. The meal the next morning, for breakfast, would be the beef, cold, from the previous day's soup, and another half loaf of bread. This diet continued throughout, without any variation. Coffee was unknown, and tea was very rare. Potatoes and other vegetables could be had by those who had money.

The monotony of life in the tobacco houses would be varied with getting up mock trials, debates, etc., and sometimes with practical jokes. About New Year's they got up the play of "Rob Roy," which was performed with very good appointments, dresses, etc., a young man (as in Shakspeare's own day) taking the part of the principal female character. This play went off well, being presented to an audience of between four and five hundred prisoners, many of them invalids, who were able to come in from the hospital apartments. The programme of the play on this occasion had the announcement at the bottom, "front seats reserved for cripples." It is said that the actors acquitted themselves very well, and that the play and kindred amusements helped to make the Christmas and New Year holidays pass off very pleasantly to many a poor fellow who might otherwise have been down-hearted enough.

During the day, to while away the time, some played euchre, whist, seven-up, or other games of cards; others chess, and others checkers or back-gammon. Some employed themselves at cutting rings, or other little fancy articles, out of bones taken from the prison beef. Others read the Richmond papers, which were brought in regularly. Of course they saw none of the Northern papers. When any one received a letter from home he was the envied man of the day.

In the officers' prison, among other good fellows, was a gentleman named Isaac W. Hart (Old Hart), quarter-master of the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, who did a good deal to make Richmond prison-life endurable, with his cheerfulness, and singing a song, composed by him-

self, to inspirit his fellow-prisoners. While they were all sitting there around the stove, perhaps thinking of home, by the dim light of the fire, if nothing else was offered, Mr. Hart would strike up his song, and sing verse after verse, and all the prisoners would come in strong on the chorus:

"Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on
And let the poor prisoners go home."

Then there was another contribution to the life and genuine goodness of the time in the presence of Lieut. B. F. Hancock, of the Nineteenth Indiana, a perfect specimen of the Western Hoosier, full of dry fun, and helping much to keep the blue demon away from the door.

AN INCIDENT OF PRISON LIFE.

An elderly, well-dressed lady was looking about among the members of the Tenth Tennessee Regiment, confined at Chicago, when in the person of a fine looking, intelligent man, of twenty-eight or thirty years, she recognized her son. The recognition was mutual, and mother and son rushed into each other's arms. The young man, whose name is William Pithey, left his home in this city five years since, and went South to seek his fortune. At Huntsville, Alabama, a few months since, a personal enemy, as he supposed, denounced him as an Abolitionist, and he was left a choice of two alternatives, and joined the rebel army. He was made a prisoner at Fort Donelson, and brought to his former home a captive. His parents, who are highly respectable people and old residents here, on Saturday learned of his whereabouts, and on Sunday hastened to his quarters. His mother was admitted, but his father was not allowed to pass. As she found him, she sobbed, "Oh, my dear boy, you have been the subject of many prayers, and you are not past praying for yet. I thank God, he is once more under the folds of the flag of the Union." Mother and son were permitted to go to the gate, where the father had been waiting to greet his son. The guards, understanding the matter, offered no hinderance to the meeting, and allowed them to embrace each other. The young man, we understand, was afterwards released.

"WHEN YOU IS ABOUT, WE IS."

The Booneville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial* writes:

These Missouri niggers know a great deal more than the white folks give them credit for, and whether Missouri goes for the Confederacy or for the Union, her slaves have learned a lesson too much to ever make them useful as slaves. I was struck with the apt reply of one of a crowd who came from a big house to the road to see us pass the other

day. Says I, "Boys, are you all for the Union?" "Oh, yes, massa, when you's about, we is." "And when Price comes, you are secesh, are you?" "Lord, yes, massa, we's good secesh then. Can't allow white folks to get ahead niggers in dat way." The darkey understood the whole question and the game played.

ADVICE "IN THE NAME OF THE LORD."

As there are many who volunteer advice "in the name of the Lord" to the commander-in-chief, or the President, it may have a suggestive influence with the Government to repeat an interesting anecdote of Cromwell, given in the Collection of Percy, on War: "Cromwell kept his fanatics in order in their own way; for when one of them waited on him, as he said, 'in the name of the Lord,' to know the destination of one of his fleets, Cromwell said: 'My good friend, the Lord shall know, for thou shalt go with the fleet.' He immediately gave orders for having him stowed in the hold of one of the vessels then under sailing orders; and actually sent him out, thus confined, with the expedition."

GIVING HIS OWN PAROLE.

The rebels in Missouri recently captured Colonel L——, and after a consultation, as it was found inconvenient to retain him, concluded they would release him on his parole. Here a difficulty arose, for the Secessionists were unable to read or write. At length one of them applied to the Colonel, and requested him to write his own parole. He gladly consented, and wrote: "I hereby promise never to take up arms *against* the United States!" Secesh took the document and released the Colonel, who is now doing good service *for* the United States.

"IMBLEMS!"

"A fine ould Irish gentleman" at Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to celebrate the Union victories, hung out a blue shirt and a white one, together "wid the ould woman's red petticoat," saying, "be jabbers! I'll have the imblems out any how."

A MIDNIGHT SCENE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

As I sit, to-night, writing this epistle, the dead and wounded are all around me. The knife of the surgeon is busy at work, and amputated legs and arms lie scattered in every direction. The cries of the suffering victims, and the groans of those who patiently await for medical attendance, are most distressing to any one who has any sympathy with his fellow-man. All day long they have been coming in, and they are placed upon the decks and within the cabins of the steamers,

and wherever else they can find a resting place. I hope my eyes may never again look upon such sights. Men with their entrails protruding, others with broken arms and legs, others with bullets in their breasts or shoulders; and one poor wretch I found whose eyes had been shot entirely away. All kinds of conceivable wounds are to be seen, in all parts of the body, and from all varieties of weapons.

AN UNCONDITIONAL UNIONIST.

"In Carroll county, Missouri, a man was tried for boldly avowing Union sentiments. He defied his tormentors, and said he 'would stick to the Union as long as there was a piece left.' He was told that the Union was broken so fine that a piece could not be found. 'Then, said he, 'I will hang to the stub, and when the stub is gone, I will hang to the hole the stub came out of.' He was released."

THE END.

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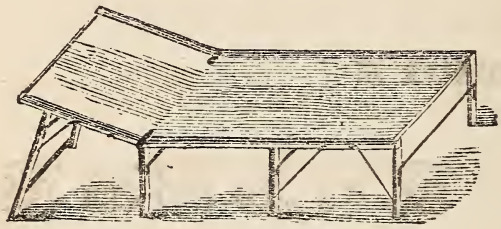
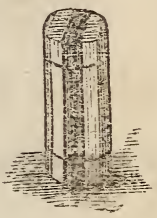


FIG. 1. COT 6 AND 6½ FEET LONG.

FIG. 4.



COT, LOUNGE, and CHAIR folded, 4 by 6 in. sq., 2 feet long.

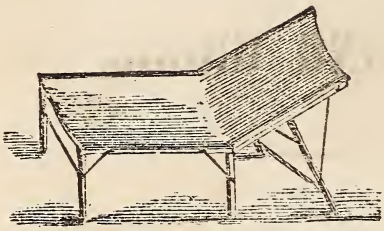


FIG. 2. LOUNGE.

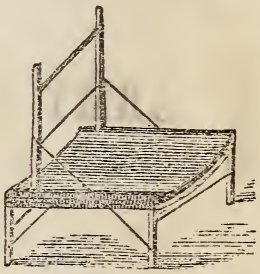


FIG. 3. CHAIR.

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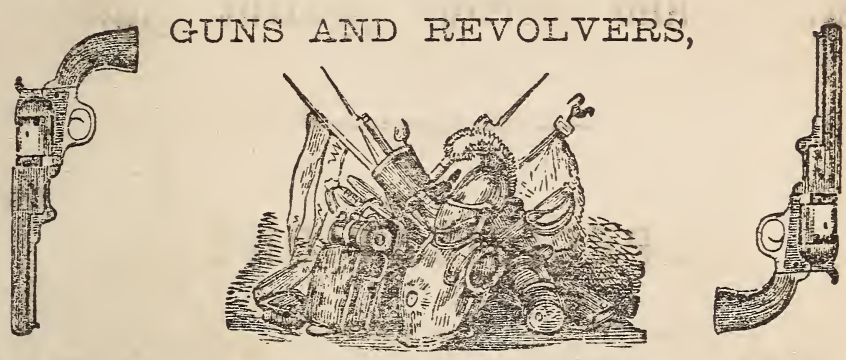

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